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NEW SERIES, No. 20.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1862,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT, (SUCCESSOR TO W. AND F. G. CASH,)

BULL, HUNTON AND CO., DARTON AND CO., AND E. MARSH:

THOMAS BRADY, AND GEORGE HOPE, YORK.

1861.



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REVISED
PREFACE.

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FIFTY years have passed away since, in its original form, the ANNUAL MONITOR first made its appearance, and the present number completes the second decade of the "*New Series.*" Its circulation within the compass of the Yearly Meetings of London and Dublin is now larger than at any former period; and since 1858 it has hailed with pleasure an interesting companion in the "*American Annual Monitor,*" which bids fair to exercise a useful influence among our brethren on that widely extended continent, to whom, in the present crisis especially, we cannot but often turn with deepened and prayerful interest, and with enlarged sympathy and love.

Though confined, almost exclusively, to obituary notices of the members of our own community, like the Society itself, which rests upon the broad, catholic ground of simple Christianity, the *Annual Monitor* has no sectarian object; and with this kept in view, it is a matter of no small interest to contemplate the long line of those who, as Christian believers, both young and old, have in succession practically illustrated the efficacy of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and given evidence that, like the early

Christians of whom the Apostle speaks, they had “come to Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.” Such as these having “died in the Lord,” are for ever blessed in Him, and leave us an example worthy to be followed.

In looking back upon the fifty years embraced by the records of the *Annual Monitor*, it would not indeed be to our profit to form a false or an incorrect estimate of the characteristics of that period; but we need not draw aside very widely the veil of bygone years to cast our eyes upon a noble band of Christian men, and of Christian women, who in their day and generation did truly love the Lord, and were valiant for the Truth as it is in Jesus; whose firm and discerning attachment to the cause of Christ, and whose fervent zeal—chastened by knowledge—made them eminently useful in the service of the Gospel, and largely instrumental in promoting the spiritual interests of our Christian community. It is not too much to say that, under the Divine blessing, they were made the means of giving to the last half century of our experience as a church, the character of a period

of religious revival. A comprehensive and discriminating review of their work of faith and love, with the gradually developed and still expanding results of their faithfulness in the service of the Lord is well calculated to confirm our faith in the reassuring promises of God. So far as the present generation are partakers of the benefit, it may well be said : " Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." To an extent which cannot fail to be cheering to a thoughtful observer of events and their causes, we are now " reaping that on which we bestowed no labour ;" and if it be not difficult to discover some " tares" among the " wheat," we have still great cause to bless the Lord for the quantity and quality of the *wheat* ; nor ought we to forget the caution given to us from the highest authority, not to attempt, with imprudent zeal, to " gather up" the one, lest we " root up" the other also.

There may be causes for apprehension to which it is not wise to close our eyes ; there may be tendencies which call upon us to " be sober and watch unto prayer ;" but, in endeavouring to form a just estimate of the period referred to, the future historian of our Society will probably not have far to seek, for unmistakable evidence of a work if not of absolute progress yet of decided recovery of lost ground. There have no doubt been times of intervening danger, with a very threatening aspect ; but they have passed away—leaving a salutary warning behind—without

being permitted to lay waste the heritage. And, perhaps, it may be safely said that notwithstanding all that has sometimes occasioned much solicitude, the foundation has been strengthened,—the building stands unshaken and firm—far safer to dwell in than before.

Among the fruits of the labours of our *immediate* predecessors, may be thankfully recognised a more just and general appreciation of the reality and the need of the Holy Spirit's influence and power, and of the duty and privilege of prayer; a more diligent and availing "searching of the Scriptures," with an earnest desire to "come to Him of whom they testify;" a more clear and prominent exhibition and loving acceptance of the saving truths of the Gospel, while the comprehensiveness of their practical bearing has been no less perceived and acknowledged; and an obvious increase of energy and zeal in various ways to promote the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, both amongst ourselves and others. Much as appearances may sometimes have been, and may still be against the conclusion, yet a deeper view of the actual state of things, historically true, seems to warrant the cheering belief that the Society has been gradually reverting to the simple and safe position of our "Early Friends," closely gathered as they were round *the standard of Christ*, recognising *no other Head than Him*. For, in considering the universal character of what has been not improperly

called *their* "Missionary ardour," the constancy of *their* endurance, and the vigour of their aggressive action against all evil, counterfeit and sham, in private life and in public affairs—civil, religious, ecclesiastical, jural and magisterial—we shall doubtless *here* find the core of their strength. With humble boldness to assert, and by practical faithfulness to exemplify the supremacy of Christ in his own church—governing her by His Spirit,—and nobly to testify against all innovation of His prerogative, appeared to be their peculiar call. They might seem to have acted under the special injunction: "Forasmuch as Christ has suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." Living in the very atmosphere, if not always in the act of prayer, and believingly resting upon the revealed truths of the Bible, they gave full scope to the leadings of the Holy Spirit in accordance therewith, without attempting to limit His influence to any particular channel or groove in which it must necessarily run, and continue to run. Thus, with godly sincerity exclaiming, "We are nothing, CHRIST IS ALL!" they seemed to be almost invincible, in doing and in suffering, and God was glorified in both.

To bring us back to this position, appears to have been, more or less consciously, the leading effort of

many of those faithful ones whose names are justly dear to us, whose memory lives in our hearts, who, for the last fifty years, have borne the burden in the heat of the day. Approving themselves unto God as workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of Truth, their labour has not been in vain in the Lord, and they still beckon to us to "go forward"—holding fast our Christian profession without wavering or shrinking from a personal and searching application of the great truth, that "whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world." We would not lightly appropriate to ourselves language addressed under peculiar circumstances to another people, but may we not think of it with interest, and, in all our seasons of dismay, may we not draw instruction and encouragement from the words? "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough"—"Take good heed to yourselves"—"For the Lord thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy hands; he knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness: *these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing.*"

By the "law of faith" all "boasting" must indeed be ever "excluded," and it surely becomes us to tread very softly in all our steppings; but, deeply humbled as we of this generation may rightly be under a sense of utter unworthiness, have we not comforting evidence that we are not forsaken of God; that he hath not cast us away from his presence; that he hath not

taken away his Spirit from us—that Christ is precious to many? In His name, then, let us bid one another be of good cheer! Trusting in the Lord, let us pour out our hearts in united prayer to Him, that He would still lengthen our cords, and strengthen our stakes; that both as individuals and as a Church—ever watchful to “keep our own vineyard”—we may be found increasingly diligent in accomplishing the primary object of a Christian Church, the propagation of Christian truth and the winning of souls to Christ, as well as the building up one another in the faith, and love, and the hope of the Gospel. Bearing in mind that He who “resisteth the proud, giveth grace to the humble,” in reflecting upon the past may those who are *now* “looking to Jesus” be encouraged in their path of devotedness to His service by the animating injunction: “Be strong and very courageous,—turn not to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper in whatsoever thou doest.”

The *Annual Monitor* has never assumed the character of an organ of the Society; the successive Editors alone have been responsible for the manner in which it has been conducted; and, like their predecessors, the present ones have abundant cause gratefully to acknowledge the valuable aid which they have so largely received from their various correspondents: nor less fully do they appreciate the forbearance of their friends in judging them so kindly and so candidly in their endeavour to discriminate,

from time to time, between what is valuable in the privacy of the family circle, and what appears more adapted, for public use. Small as is the talent required for the work, yet when it is recollected that we *here* converse chiefly with those respecting whom we can thankfully believe, that to them “to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord,” and that, however fragmentary, these memorials may have an important bearing upon survivors, it has not been always a matter free from anxiety to deal with the various materials intrusted to their care. To try to bring them all to the throne of grace, and—little as editors can do—to make them the special subjects of prayer, when a sense of responsibility comes over the mind like a wave that threatens to sweep away every resolve to go on dutifully with the work—to be almost ready to relinquish the task, deeply interesting as it is felt to be,—and yet to receive a little fresh faith and help to go on to the end,—and then to commit all, the worst and the best that has been done, to the blessing of the Father of mercies—these are experiences not unknown to editors even of a little work like this. But there is that in it which comforts, in sympathy with the many mourners; there is that which cheers in view of the blessedness of those whose work is done, whose crown is won, who have obtained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ; there is that which in love to the Church and its holy Head, and the souls of men, prompts the fervent prayer

“ Lord, pour out thy spirit yet more abundantly upon our sons, and upon our daughters, and revive thy work yet more fully amongst us, that glory may be Thine, through the Redeemer’s name.”

With feelings like these the Editors would take leave of their friends, at this time, and bid them farewell in the Lord.

TABLE

Shewing the Deaths in the Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland during Twenty Years, from 1841—42 to 1860—1861.

Date.	Males.	Females	Total.	Average Age.		
				Yrs.	Mo.	Days.
1841—42	158	189	347	51*	10	19
1842—43	160	196	356	51*	10	19
1843—44	139	203	342	50	9	0
1844—45	165	189	354	50	1	6
1845—46	155	202	357	49	3	16
1846—47	166	232	398	51	9	0
1847—48	164	223	387	48	11	25
1848—49	152	237	389	51	3	22
1849—50	131	179	310	54	9	0
1850—51	160	167	326	50	3	$7\frac{9}{10}$
1851—52	137	225	362	52	11	$11\frac{1}{4}$
1852—53	131	180	311	53	1	3
1853—54	157	217	374	52	8	10
1854—55	170	187	357	52	11	21
1855—56	123	164	287	51	2	$26\frac{1}{2}$
1856—57	119	181	300	53	2	$22\frac{4}{5}$
1857—58	147	175	322	51	3	$25\frac{1}{3}$
1858—59	131	176	307	50	1	$20\frac{2}{3}$
1859—60	137	187	324	55	8	$0\frac{1}{3}$
1860—61	133	182	315	53	5	$12\frac{1}{6}$
Total...	2935	3891	6826	51	10	19

Average Number of Deaths,

Males $146\frac{3}{4}$
Females $194\frac{1}{20}$

“ “ “

Total $341\frac{7}{20}$

* Average age assumed, not having been taken the first two years.

THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.
ROBERT ABBATT,	58 15	5 mo. 1861
<i>Fairfield, near Liverpool.</i>		

For many years this dear friend had been in a delicate state of health, arising principally from an affection of the heart; but in the beginning of 1860, other symptoms developed themselves, and he became greatly reduced. As the spring advanced, however, he rallied considerably, and was able, in the summer and autumn, to travel about a little, getting out occasionally even during the severity of the following winter.

He spent much of his time in reading and quiet meditation, and the calm seriousness of his demeanour was very striking to those who visited him, encouraging the belief, that a preparation

for another and a better state of existence was going forward, though, from his naturally retiring disposition, but little expression was given to his feelings.

In the early part of the last spring, a decided increase of the complaint took place; but, though his illness was a trying one, he was spared much acute suffering, which he often thankfully acknowledged. He liked to have portions of Scripture, and hymns, read to him, and loved to dwell upon those passages which speak of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and the glories of the world to come, in comparison with which he felt that everything on earth was as nothing; and deep and fervent were the breathings of his soul after holiness, and an entire conformity to his Heavenly Father's will, often entreating those around him to "pray that patience might have her perfect work."

On retiring for the night, he often spoke of pitching his tent

"A day's march nearer home;"

and the following beautiful hymn on the same subject was a great favourite with him; he frequently requested his wife to repeat it to him before going to rest:—

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever have been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
To be cross'd ere we reach the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death:
Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think.

When informed by his medical attendant that there was no hope of his recovery, he was very calm, and said: "I am not surprised—I have long thought I should not get better, and I have no wish to do so." Seeing his friends much distressed, he tried to comfort them, and assured

them that "he felt very peaceful, and had no fear of death, unworthy as he knew himself to be ; but he earnestly craved a clear assurance that all would be well." On a belief being expressed that this would be granted before the final close, he replied : " You are all very kind, and hopeful for me ; I trust you may not be mistaken ; but it will be all of mercy, unmerited mercy—nothing of myself."

The repeated visits of Ministers of the Gospel were comforting and encouraging to him, and he gratefully accepted them as an evidence that his Heavenly Father was caring for him. He often remarked on the many blessings and comforts which were bestowed upon him, and what a great deal he had to be thankful for. On one occasion he said to his wife, with much feeling : " Though my heart and my flesh do indeed fail, yet I believe that God will be the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." And at another time, to a remark that his long illness had been blessed to him, he answered : " O yes ! I can indeed say ' In very faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me.' "

For the last two weeks he was much tried by distressing sickness and thirst, and for some days before his death he could take nothing but ice and cold water. These were very grateful to

him, and he often said: "Pure water! How good it is!" "But my soul thirsteth for the living water." One evening, when speaking to his wife of the joys of heaven, he exclaimed with much earnestness: "And there will be no thirst there," and repeated the words: "All that will come, may come, and take of the water of life freely;" adding, "That has been one of the most comforting promises to me."

Though very ill when a sister arrived from a distance, he was much pleased to see her, and said: "It is kind of thee to come;" and when she expressed a hope that he felt peaceful, he replied: "Yes! Brighter this morning—brighter;" and in a little while he added: "Oh, it is a glorious prospect." In the course of the day he assured those around him that "nothing stood in his way—not even a cloud."

For the next two days the sickness hardly ever ceased; but his grateful love overflowed to all. He often remarked: "How I am waited upon;" "And all from such loving hands;"—"I cannot repay you, but my Heavenly Father can," &c. After obtaining a little quiet sleep, on waking, he looked up very brightly and said: "What a quiet, peaceful night I have had. O, how delightful it has been." To a remark gratefully acknowledging

the favour that the sickness had subsided, he responded: "O yes! and I believe it is in answer to fervent prayer;" adding, after a pause: "But should it be the will of my Heavenly Father that it should return, I can from my heart say—Thy will be done."

The sweet solemnity which pervaded his sick-room was very striking and comforting to those who were privileged to be near him. His countenance beamed with heavenly joy, and though, when he began decidedly to sink, he took but little notice of any thing around him. he was perfectly sensible, and often exclaimed—"Glorious! —Glorious!"—"Open the Gates."—"Enter in," &c., &c. Thus his redeemed and purified spirit calmly and peacefully passed away, it is reverently believed, to be for ever with the Lord.

JOHN ABELL, 71 15 8 mo. 1861

Wellesley Lodge, near Limerick.

ANN ALEXANDER, 87 15 1 mo. 1861

Reigate. Widow of William Alexander.

SAMUEL ALEXANDER, 63 20 2 mo. 1861

Evergreen Villa, near Limerick.

DEBORAH ALEXANDER, 68 7 3 mo. 1861

Evergreen Villa, near Limerick. An Elder.

The remembrance of those who have "died in the Lord" is precious, and a simple record of the

latter days of one who, doubtless, was of that blessed number, may serve as an encouragement to others in the path of Christian faithfulness.

Deborah Alexander was educated by her parents in accordance with the Christian principles of Friends, which, even whilst young, she was enabled to appreciate. As she advanced in life and examined them more thoroughly for herself, the conviction of their consistency with the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel was so strengthened and confirmed, that it became her earnest desire to conform her whole life and conversation to them. Yet she was no sectarian, and, in the largeness of her love to all, often expressed regret that so much stress was laid upon names and sects, frequently referring to the text, "Is Christ divided?"

A few years before her decease she was appointed to the station of Elder. She deeply felt the importance and serious responsibility of this office, and was careful faithfully to discharge the duties of it as occasion required.

In the summer of 1860 she suffered for upwards of three months from a distressing nervous disease, passing, as it were, "under the cloud and through the sea." Her bodily powers were greatly prostrated, and very deep were her mental

conflicts. During this season of great trial she was often engaged in fervent prayer for Divine help, and that, if consistent with the Lord's will, she might experience relief. At length, her faith having been thus proved, it pleased her heavenly Father again to "lift up the light of his glorious countenance" upon her; and the happiness and peace which succeeded so filled her heart with joy, that nothing seemed permitted to interrupt it.

For a considerable time she had been prevented, by this indisposition, from attending meetings. This she felt to be a great privation, and on being able again to unite with her friends in the public worship of God, she esteemed it a precious privilege. She often remarked upon the great solemnity with which her mind was impressed on those occasions, and much desired that all thus assembled, especially the youth, might be profited by them. For her beloved young friends she was greatly interested, and often regretted the loss sustained by some of them by not having been better instructed in our religious principles.

Her conversation was generally of an instructive character, and for the last three months she dwelt much upon the happiness which awaited the righteous, often speaking with great pleasure of the blissful state of the glorified spirits who

surround the throne, of which she seemed to have a remarkable foretaste.

On the 4th of Third month she appeared cheerful and well. The day was bright, and she greatly enjoyed her favourite occupation of overseeing and directing the gardener in his work—opportunities which she often sought to turn to good account in a higher sense, by endeavouring to imbue his mind with the love of God, and to place before him the important truths of the Gospel. In the evening, some friends coming to tea, she was lively and social; the subjects of conversation were serious, and some observations “on the inheritance of the saints in light” were read, which with other reading of a similar kind, appeared to have left a sweet and solemn impression upon her own mind, and on the friends who were present, whom she was to meet no more on earth. Just before separating for the night, after a psalm had been read, she complained of pain. Its continuance soon excited much uneasiness, and during the night various means were used without producing the desired effect. She quietly watched the symptoms, and soon became apprehensive that the termination would be fatal. But this did not appear to alarm her; she was perfectly calm, and seemed to have

nothing to contend with, but the pain arising from the disease, which she was enabled to endure with great patience.

Her spiritual perceptions remained very clear ; not a cloud was permitted to obscure them. Though she viewed herself as a poor sinner, no doubt was allowed to arise as to the ample price which had purchased redemption for her. With nothing to trust to but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus—nothing to clothe herself with but the “robe of Christ’s righteousness,” she could humbly rejoice in that “He tasted death for every man.” In the course of the night she repeated the 103rd Psalm, and dwelt especially upon some parts of it. At another time she turned with comfort to the hymn “Spirit, leave thy house of clay,” &c. And when the issue of her illness no longer appeared doubtful, her mental powers grew so strong as almost to overcome her bodily weakness. She asked to have the 22nd chapter of Revelations read to her, and her spirit seemed prepared to enter “through the gates into the city.” Some time afterwards she said, “The Saviour has passed through the portals before us:” and, on being asked how she felt, she replied, “I feel the bottom, brother, and it is good.”

On the servants coming into the room she

manifested her Christian interest towards them, and called their attention to the state in which she then was, expressing her desire that they might be instructed by the solemn occasion.

Towards the conclusion distressing sickness came on, and it was remarked to her that her present suffering was not to be compared with the glory that would soon be hers. She replied, "That is beautiful:" and supplicated for a release, if it was consistent with the Divine will. At intervals she uttered the following expressions, "My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "Glory, Glory, Alleluia, Alleluia."—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"Thus," writes the narrator, "being justified by faith, she had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and there is good ground reverently to believe was permitted to enter into His rest.

ANN ALLEN, 82 31 5 mo. 1861

Castle Donnington. Wife of Thomas Allen.

ALICE ALTHAM, *Penrith.* 1 22 11 mo. 1860

Daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Altham.

ANN ARMITAGE, *Nottingham.* 75 26 11 mo. 1860

MARY ARMITAGE, 72 2 12 mo. 1860

Nottingham. An Elder.

THOMAS ARNOLD, <i>London.</i>	75	27	7 mo.	1861
JOHN ATKINSON,	65	3	6 mo.	1861
<i>Farm Hill, Waltham Abbey, near London.</i>				
JOHN BAILEY, <i>Uxbridge.</i>	84	1	8 mo.	1861
ANNE BALL,	71	11	5 mo.	1861
<i>Glenrothay, Rydal, Westmoreland.</i> An Elder.				
Wife of William Ball.				

It has been thought that some account of the latter days of one, who was well-known to many of the readers of the *Annual Monitor*, may be acceptable to them; and the following memorial has been kindly furnished for that purpose:—

“Anne Ball was the daughter of Robert and Mary Dale, and the sole survivor of several sisters; the last of whom she tenderly nursed (as she had her beloved mother in *her* last illness,) through a very lingering decline; till she was left, while still young, bereft of all near family ties. These bereavements were, however, greatly alleviated by the sweet companionship of a dear cousin and friend, for many years and until the marriage of that friend, almost up to the time of her own to William Ball, in 1834. “Anne Dale and Rachel Womersley,” the maiden names of these two young friends, who were privileged with much social enjoyment among many family circles in our Society, were, in these circles, familiar as

household words. In not a few of these, they are still, by the surviving members, affectionately recollected. And now, that both Anne Ball and Rachel Francis Fox are taken from the scenes they animated and adorned, many tender regrets linger about their vacant places, and attest the sense that two living lights of the social sphere have, indeed, been extinguished!

A. B. was not brought up in any strict observance of all the usages of Friends; but it became her own preference, even in early years, to adopt and maintain them; and it may not be too much to say, that, through life, she exemplified the harmonious union of the Christian gentlewoman and the consistent Friend.

The fruit of the Spirit is love; and there was the abundant evidence of that enlargement of heart toward all, especially the dependent, the afflicted, the poor, and the needy, which this love so wonderfully effects, when shed abroad within us by the Holy Ghost. It is not needful to dwell on her abounding sympathies, kind offices, charities, and hospitalities, maintained through the lengthening out of a very suffering pilgrimage. For, throughout the long years of illness, and to the very last, some plan for helping others was always uppermost, even amid failing strength,

and the many pains that attend the latter years of the chronic invalid.

Yet her appreciation of all that she was, and all that she did, was signally and almost distressingly low; there was, surely, this mark of likeness to the true followers of her Lord, that "self was of no reputation." In this respect, her being appointed to the station of Elder, certainly helped her; as some token of the confidence of her friends, while she felt so unworthy to have part or lot in the Church of Christ. And though those who loved her could not but regret this painful self-depreciation, it was, no doubt, striking to many to observe in her (surrounded as she was by all that the world calls prosperity) the sweet and edifying influence of genuine "poverty of spirit." Truly, she minded not high things, but condescended to those of low estate; and was also clothed with that comprehensive charity, which is free of all other boundary than human brotherhood, and of all other creed than the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Towards the end of the Fourth month of 1861, after more than two years of weakening and declining (partly spent at Brighton, and between her own northern and southern homes), she was removed from Tottenham to Reigate for a little

change, no immediate alteration being then at all expected. Shortly before this, she said: "If I had but some clear evidence of being accepted at last, I could leave all the rest." It was replied, "Do not be anxious about evidence—thy frame of mind is scarcely open to receive it—it is enough for thee to lean upon Him, whom, though unseen, thou lovest." She seemed much relieved.

At Reigate, within a few days of her death, she was again alluding to the want of what others had been favoured with in the solemn prospect, when she was answered: "Though assurance might be cheering, it is very much more to the purpose to be undeniably in the *state* to which the Promises belong; and *that*, I am certain, thou art. A full Saviour for an empty sinner!" She sweetly and promptly rejoined—"that is very comforting!" which were her last words on these subjects. The close stole on, almost imperceptibly, as a long last sleep. But there is, now, no doubt, that she dwelt much, of later time, upon the great change, so that it came not upon her unanticipated; though all consciousness for the last two or three days was withdrawn: no leave-taking of those she so devotedly loved: no "casting of one longing, lingering, look behind!" It now appears, that in her last

sojourn in Westmoreland (1860), she often said to her faithful personal attendant, "I am glad to be here *once more*—I did wish to see Rydal *once again*!" Surely that last unconsciousness was, in her case, mercy to the end! The ransomed soul returning to its everlasting rest in Jesus, and leaving on the spirits of survivors, the precious sense that, in death, as in life, her Lord had "dealt bountifully with her!"

A friend who had seen her not long before her decease, thus refers to the interview.

"I would not forget the thankful impression of a short visit to her some weeks ago.

"Dear A. B. and I had often conversed, for many years past, on Peace as the fruit of Faith in Jesus; but not till the time referred to did the fear of death seem to be taken away from her; and then it was very consoling to me to witness her calm acknowledged rest of soul in the sacrifice of Christ. There was, for the first time, the absence of apprehension, and much more than that, though I do not remember her exact words. You have doubtless traced the same happy passing from doubt to sweet confidence, but I feel inclined to add my testimony to the fact."

Another friend thus writes respecting her.

"She was so benign, so genially and tenderly

loving, so overflowing with Christian and womanly kindness, so worthy in the eyes of all, yet so unworthy in her own eyes, so consistent in her allegiance to her Master, and so enlarged in her sympathies towards all, that her departure hence will leave a parched place in the wilderness to very many.

“There is no arithmetic for counting the dew drops which this dear disciple scattered as she passed along. She was always on the outlook for the drooping and the bruised, to refresh and to bind up. And yet her own left hand scarcely knew what the right hand was doing; though He who seeth in secret, *saw*; and is now rewarding the believer, in the presence of angels and arch-angels — with the reward not of debt, but of grace.”

ISABELLA BARCLAY, 38 24 11 mo. 1860

Falmouth. Wife of John Barclay.

DAVID COOPER BARRENGER, 46 21 9 mo. 1861

West Hill, Mansfield.

GRACE BARRETT, 64 17 1 mo. 1861

Liskeard, Cornwall.

JOSEPH BARRETT, 42 29 5 mo. 1861

Camberwell, near London.

The affecting decease of this dear friend so soon after that of his beloved wife, recorded in

the *Annual Monitor* for last year, is a striking lesson of the fugitive nature of all earthly happiness. He was the son of pious parents, who carefully instructed him in the principles of religious truth, and being of a thoughtful turn of mind, they took deep root in his heart, and led to a consistent course of life. In youth he was marked by a maturity beyond his years; this character continued through life, and being combined with superior abilities, good intellectual cultivation, and a remarkable calmness of temperament, produced a soundness of judgment, which rendered his counsel and advice particularly valuable to his friends, both in a public and private capacity. Educated in the principles of Friends he had also adopted them on conviction, and from very early life felt a warm interest in all that related to the welfare of the Society. He was often usefully engaged on appointments in his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings as well as in benevolent concerns beyond the limits of our own body, among which the Peace Society was especially prominent. He sympathised warmly with the recent appearance of increased religious earnestness amongst Friends, and felt hopeful that this, combined with the somewhat altered disciplinary arrangements, was the harbinger of

brighter days in our little Church. He was a truly faithful friend, and, affectionate in all the relations of life, was ever ready to put a favourable construction on the motives of others, and careful not to cherish unkind feelings towards any who had caused him trial or suffering. His life was a remarkably chequered one, especially during the last few years of it, and there is reason to believe that his afflictions tended to deepen his religious feelings, and to produce "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

He was naturally reserved, and was not in the habit of recording his feelings; but it is thought that a few extracts from some letters written under peculiar circumstances will be interesting and instructive. He was married in 1846 to Love Thompson Salter, of Poole, with whom he was united about nine years; she was removed suddenly in 1855, leaving him with three children, soon after which he writes, under date First month, 15th, 1856.

"The experience of the Psalmist 'I was dumb with silence because thou didst it,' accords most with my own feelings, which are too deep to admit of much expression. I know that I have duties to perform, and I must struggle on with the earnest prayer to our compassionate Saviour that

he will be near to us in every hour of need, and help us in all things to *feel* as well as to *say* ‘Thy will be done.’ I dare not attempt, if it were possible, to escape from the severity of this dispensation. I can only desire that it may accomplish the Divine purposes whatever the consequences to myself, and that now that it has pleased the Lord to dissolve the earthly tie which for nine years has bound us together, He may by His grace so work in my own heart as to enable me to look forward with confidence to a blessed reunion in heaven, among the spirits of the just made perfect.”

And again, Fifth month, 1st, 1856.

“My desire is that this bitter cup may be blessed in my experience, and be made to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness; but I have yet to feel how weak is human nature, and how unable to loose its hold of the ties of earth and earthly things, and suffer the soul to rise to the contemplation of the reality of the things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. It may possibly be made easy to us to say, under deep affliction, ‘Thy will be done,’ but do we really feel what the expressions involve, or is it not too often a kind of stoic indifference which we persuade ourselves is resignation? Yet amidst

all, I must acknowledge, that a measure of Divine strength has not been withheld in those moments when memory threatens to overwhelm me in the multitude of my afflictions."

Some years after this he was married to Isabella Gibson, of Saffron Walden, and his feelings at this time, as shown by his correspondence, evince a desire in heights as well as in depths to glorify his Father in heaven.

Under date, Seventh month, 28th, 1859, he writes, after alluding to his present happiness: "For these and all other blessings from the hands of a merciful God may it be the earnest prayer of each and all of us to be strengthened to fill our right places in the church of Christ and in the world around us; not that we can return the smallest portion of the debt we owe to Him, but that we may be able to manifest our gratitude for all His benefits towards us."

The health of his wife, which had been delicate previous to her marriage, declined in a few months subsequent to it, and he passed through a long period of anxiety and suspense in witnessing her gradually failing powers. During this time he writes, Fifth month, 2nd, 1860.

"It sometimes feels as though my heart would burst with pent-up anxiety and grief, yet I do

trust that I feel at times resigned to whatever may be the Divine will, and can say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be his name.'"

Also about this time he writes to a near relative, "Well my dear cousin, dost thou say that *we* can feel for each other; knowing from bitter experience our life's joys to be taken from us and our pleasant pictures marred, it has taught me in measure to place no confidence in the happiness of this world, which at best is but transient and illusory. I pray that it may effectually lead our souls to Him in whom is true life, and joy, and peace. Yet in the midst of trial myself, I would say to thee, *cheer up*, the Divine mercy is ever greater than the Divine judgments; live on still in the path of daily faith and duty, and there may yet be comfort for thee in store—*trust in the Lord* and he may yet be graciously pleased to grant to each of us some portion of that happiness in this life which is but a foreshadowing of that which is to come."

He was again left a widower in the autumn of 1860. The following extract from his letters will show his feelings under this renewed affliction, and his desire to be resigned to the will of his heavenly Father.

Tenth month, 24th. "It has pleased the Lord

in his Providence to wound me again and again in the tenderest of all human affections, and to take from me just those earthly joys which of all others my heart most closely clings to, and without which all other sources of happiness in this life become comparatively dried up; and yet, it is because He has done it, I dare not murmur, but desire, though with fainting aspirations, to cast all my care upon Him. I sometimes think of, and try to take encouragement from, the passage of which thou kindly reminded me, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' &c. It is indeed a precious assurance when it can be received in faith; but then too I have often thought, if from hardness of heart, these chastenings of the Father's love should fail to produce the end for which they are designed, how fearful must be the condition of the soul, having neither the promise of the life that now is nor of that which is to come. Better surely that such an one had never been born. Oh, it is my frequent fervent desire and prayer that this may not be the case with any of us who have known the hand of the Lord to be laid heavily upon us, but rather that His grace and good Spirit may be effectual to the salvation of our souls."

In the early part of this year his own health

gave way, and for several months he suffered from great prostration of strength and at times from acute pain, but he was preserved in much calmness and patience. He writes,

Third month, 19th, 1861. "Truly in my small capacity do I unite with thee in desire, and I trust at times in prayer, that so far as we may be spared and permitted to regain strength it may be the means of imparting to us an increased love of God and devotion to his service. How much I feel that a state of weakness is not one favourable for cultivating acquaintance with spiritual things. It is too likely to be a clouded condition. I have found it so myself in this illness, and it has often seemed as if I were thrown back on my poor miserable self, with little else to feel but its own poverty and unworthiness; nevertheless, I try to hope on, believing that in my Father's good time He will make all things clear."

He went to Hastings in the spring, by the direction of his medical advisers, and subsequently to Bath, at which place two of his children were at school. But the change produced no real benefit, and although neither himself nor his friends were apprehensive of the near approach of death, it is evident that his strength was gradually sinking. While at Bath he remarked to a friend that

he had been mercifully dealt with throughout this illness; one trying symptom having been relieved before another had appeared. A few days after this he became rapidly worse, so that before his brothers, who were summoned, arrived, he was able to take but little notice. He was, however, removed to his house at Camberwell, where he sunk very quietly away shortly after his return. We reverently trust that having loved his Saviour in this life he fell asleep in Jesus, and that in the last day he will be among the blessed number of those whom "God shall bring with Him."

EMMA BARTER, 19 6 1 mo. 1861

Old Forge, Dunmurry, near Lisburn. Daughter of Jacob S. and Elizabeth Barter, London.

Many are brought home to God in the "furnace of affliction." Under the pressure of unexpected trial they lift up their hearts to him, and he does not turn away their prayer nor his mercy from them. The work of his grace, in great measure concealed perhaps before, is made manifest; the veil is lifted up, and, far beyond what was looked for, a view is obtained of the inner life. By the operations of the Holy Spirit, we see the sinner brought to the Saviour, the soul won to Christ, the humble believer rejoicing in His salvation. The sting of death, and the

fear of death are taken away, and power is given to glorify God in the midst of the fire—to give thanks unto Him who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was remarkably so with the dear young friend whose death is recorded above. Having lost her mother when she was only three years old, and her father dying soon after his second marriage, E. B. went at the age of seven years to reside in the family of an uncle and aunt in Yorkshire. Her lively and affectionate disposition, her willingness to oblige, and the amiability of her character, which, during the last year or two of of her life was increasingly exhibited, endeared her greatly to those with whom she was associated. After being several years at Ackworth, she went to the Girls' School at York to qualify herself for a teacher; afterwards spent some time as governess in a Friend's family in Yorkshire; and in the autumn of last year, removed to the North of Ireland to fill a similar position there. Of her religious experience up to that time, no information is given; but there is a touching interest in what was developed during the sorrowful events which soon followed in the removal in quick succession of two of her pupils, and her own decease only a few weeks

after. Her own words will best convey what was passing around her, and in her own heart. On the 2nd of Twelfth month, 1860, she writes :

“ My darling Sister,

“ This note will bring news to thee which will show thee how great trouble we are all in here. Truly we know not what may be on the morrow. This day last week we were all well and happy, and now we are all in mourning. But I will not keep thee in suspense.

“ On Third-day, when the children rose in the morning, K——, and little H——, who is the youngest, complained of slight sore throat. On Fifth-day morning, the Doctor pronounced them both ill of diptheria, and gave but little hope of K——. It was a heavy blow to ——, but it was too true; by nine o'clock that night, K—— was a corpse. Darling child! She died very peacefully. She had brightened up when told she was going to join her Mamma in heaven. I saw her about ten minutes before she died. Dear little H—— is still living, though very, very ill. The Doctor thinks him better, and I trust he may be mercifully permitted to recover. It is a sad time for us. Dear K——'s remains will be interred to-morrow. Meanwhile we are all very busy, for H—— requires constant attention. I take care of him

and try to see to the house, &c. I wish I could be of more use than I am. It is enough to make us all very thoughtful; besides the solemnity which the sudden stroke causes, we know that the disease, though not infectious, is an epidemic very general in this part, and none can say that they may not be singled out. Don't let this alarm thee, or Mamma, my precious Pollie. I trust those of us who are left may be permitted to remain. None of us are ill. I was very much afraid at first; just the first hour or two after dear K—'s death; the shock was so sudden, and the thought that the disease might light upon any of us was so overwhelming; but now I think I may say with reverence, and humble trust: 'I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.' I am not afraid now, I think, not at all; and, Pollie, I may tell thee, my own darling sister, that if I was taken ill I believe I could bow to the will of God, and feel that I was safe in the hands of that blessed Saviour who said: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"Now, I may say again, don't be at all alarmed. I am firmly persuaded my right place is here, and I do not in the least feel sorry; but, on the contrary, glad that I came. Remember, there is

no more cause to fear for me than for all who live about here; and I am safe, truly safe. Now, don't be concerned about me, I entreat you. Farewell, my own precious sister! Remember: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.'

Thy loving sister, EMMA."

On the 7th of Twelfth month she again writes in a letter to her step-mother,

"It was indeed a comfort to hear from thee and dear Pollie in this trying hour. You both express your hopes that dear H—— is better. He is, I trust, perfectly well in a better world. The dear child died on Fourth-day, about two in the afternoon. We are indeed stripped. This time a fortnight ago we were all—the children and myself—returning from a large and merry children's party, where they had been the happiest of the happy; and now two out of these three are in their graves. I can scarcely believe it; it is more like a dream; but it is too true. It is an inexpressible comfort to believe that they were both made ready for the awful change, and are now happy in heaven. But oh! we do so miss them, it is such a blank! Thou wishest to hear of my own state of health; I am thankful to say I am quite well."

It was not till three weeks afterwards that Emma complained of headache and sore throat; but it soon became evident that she was suffering from the same disease which had so quickly removed two of her interesting charge. A telegram was sent to her uncle, with whose family she maintained a frequent and intimate correspondence, to inform him of her illness, and of her wish that one of her cousins should go to her immediately. Medical aid proved unavailing, and on the second day after her cousin's arrival, she sank under the pressure of the disease. From the first of her being taken ill she did not expect to recover, and though there was not much power of expression, she gave comforting evidence that her soul was stayed on God, and that the Saviour's presence was felt to be near. She sweetly smiled a little before she died, and when asked if she felt happy, she assented, and said that it was "Jesus" who made her feel so. Her end appeared to be without suffering—in the peace and hope of the Gospel.

"Asleep in Jesus—far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

FRANCES MATILDA BECK, 8 14 1 mo. 1861
Isleworth, Brentford. Daughter of Edward
and Susanna Beck.

- EDWARD BECK, 57 15 1 mo. 1861
Isleworth, Brentford.
- RICHARD BELL, 6 16 2 mo. 1861
Lucyville, Belfast. Son of Elias H. and Jane Bell.
- DOROTHY BENSON, 78 24 9 mo. 1861
Parkside, near Kendal. Widow of Robert Benson.

The life of this dear friend exhibits few occurrences that would be likely to arrest the attention of casual observers, her retiring disposition concealing some of the most valuable traits in her character. She was blessed with a remarkably sweet and happy natural disposition; and as a wife, a mother, or the mistress of a large and interesting family, she was much beloved; and the watchful care she exercised over her own spirit enabled her to fulfil these important and influential positions in much Christian wisdom and meekness. Tender of the reputation of others, she was careful to discover and appreciate the brighter parts of their characters; and thus the love which she cherished for her fellow-pilgrims was reflected by them on herself. Great was her care to say nothing that would tend to the disparagement of another. In a long, though, through mercy, not a painful illness, it was teaching to witness the

calmness and composure with which, through submission to her heavenly Father's will and supported by the Redeemer's love, she was enabled to view her approaching end. Though the enemy of souls was permitted, at times, to assail her with doubts and fears, arising from the low estimate she entertained of herself, yet she never doubted the foundation on which she had been building—Christ, the Rock of ages. Resting on Him she could and did look forward to the realization of those joys which are laid up in store for the humble servants of a meek and crucified but risen Lord. Trusting in His mediation, intercession and atonement, her faith was strong, unwavering and bright to the end. It was truly animating to witness the peaceful calm with which she was enabled to contemplate and converse on the joys and blessedness that await the ransomed and redeemed followers of Jesus, always disclaiming any merit of her own, her abiding faith precluding a dependence on any other support than that of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the grace of God alone she was what she was ; and in this short memorial of a beloved friend, it is desired to exalt that and that alone, and not to exalt the creature.

JOSEPH BINNS, *Dorking*.

21 4 10 mo. 1860

WILLIAM HENRY BISSELL, 1 6 10 mo. 1860
Heaton Norris, Stockport. Son of James and
 Susanna Bissell.

JOSEPH BLAIN, *Westminster* 11 10 mo. 1861
 Son of William Blain.

AMOS BLACKBURN, 76 16 2 mo. 1861
Highflatts, Yorks.

WILLIAM CROTCH BOWLY, 63 16 6 mo. 1861
Cirencester. A Minister.

ELIZA BOWRON, 55 4 1 mo. 1861
Bishop Wearmouth. Widow of John Bowron.

This dear friend was the daughter of George and Margaret Binns, of Sunderland, and in her experience was largely exemplified the truth of the Scripture statement, that through many tribulations we must enter the kingdom.

In 1831 she was united in marriage to John Bowron, jun. But this union was not of very long duration; she was left a widow with the charge of seven children, her beloved husband being removed by death after a few days' illness. In his case was strikingly evinced the power of Divine grace to make both a short and an effectual work; "I have had," said he, "a strong will to break down; but it is *completely* broken, and I am now become as a little child." Old things were indeed done away, and all things had

become new, and all things of God, who had reconciled him unto himself by Jesus Christ.

After this afflictive bereavement, Eliza Bowron was called upon to resign first her eldest then her youngest daughter. But though again brought into deep mourning she sorrowed not as those who are without hope; for abundant evidence was afforded that the precious lambs had been safely gathered into the Saviour's fold of everlasting rest and peace. The following extract from a letter written to her surviving children after the loss of her first-born instructively depicts her own resignation, and the solicitude she felt for those who still claimed her maternal care.

“ My dear Children,

“ I hope that ere this your minds are pretty much composed, and that you are endeavouring to feel after resignation to the Divine will, as bereavements such as these are intended for our instruction. I long that it may be the means of stimulating us to press forward more earnestly towards the mark for the prize laid up in store for the righteous. Nature is weak, and we cannot but feel the pangs of separation, but I should be sorry if you gave too much way to regret. Rather, my dear children, endeavour to cast your cares and sorrows upon that compassionate Saviour,

who was himself touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and whose love can make even the hearts of little children to rejoice. I believe you are neither of you strangers to the spirit of prayer; be not afraid then to draw near to Jesus and ask of him to grant you the consolations of his love, and that he will be pleased to guard you from temptation."

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This dear friend was one of the sufferers by the failure of the District Bank, which swept away the little savings of many previous years, and left her almost penniless. Yet, amidst these accumulated trials, she was mercifully supported, and evinced an humble trust in the love and protecting care of her heavenly Father. Faith was given her to believe that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and she was enabled resignedly to bow to his chastening hand; nor were seasons wanting when she was permitted to *feel* that His love was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Spirit. Accustomed to look away from the things that are seen to those which are not seen, she writes during a time of peculiar trial, "What poor creatures are we. Had we all sunshine, some of us, I fear, would cling too eagerly to earth and its enjoyments, and so perhaps, lose sight of the joys that are eternal. So let us

endeavour to be content, that we may be enabled to adopt the language, 'For all I bless thee—most for the severe.' ”

She was subject to frequent indisposition, and her weak frame eventually gave way under the pressure of bodily and mental conflict, so that she was laid upon a bed of sickness. In the early part of her illness, and occasionally during its course, she was much tried with doubts and fears; the enemy was permitted to come in like a flood, and sorely to buffet her, so that she said she felt deprived of “all sense of good.” But at other seasons she was given to know that even the adversary cannot go beyond the length of his chain, and, favoured to feel Him to be near who is “mighty to save and able to deliver,” she would, with clasped hands, call upon Him as her “adorable Redeemer.”

On one occasion, after prayer had been offered on her behalf, she exclaimed: “What should I do if the work had to be begun now?” And, at another time, when under concern for her dear children, on being encouraged to cast all her care upon Him who had so often been her support in the hour of need, she added, “He has been a husband to me.” Two days before her decease, the enemy was permitted again to assail her; but she

expressed a hope that she would be supported, and said that during the previous night she had some precious promises brought to her remembrance; and it seemed as though the loved ones were waiting to receive her, so that she was almost impatient to be gone. "I have had," she said, "to go down to the bottom of Jordan." And on the stones of memorial which are brought up from thence being alluded to, she sweetly responded: "Well, I may say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.'"—"O that my tongue were loosened, and strength given to tell of his wondrous works!"

She was very grateful for all the kind offices of her attendants; but, in reply to an encouraging remark, she significantly pointed to "the great Physician," who alone could effectually help her. On having something to drink handed her, she exclaimed, "O to be where there shall be no more hunger and no more thirst, where He shall be to me a place of broad rivers and streams!" In allusion to some of the last efforts of the "unwearied enemy," she said, "I hope he will not be permitted to prevail;" and on one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" being brought into view, she rejoicingly exclaimed, "I have no fear!" Soon afterwards her purified spirit

peacefully took its flight, it is reverently believed to be for ever at rest in Jesus.

MARTHA LOUISA BOWRY, 1 20 2 mo. 1861
London. Daughter of Walter and Louisa Bowry.

MARY ANN BRITTAİN, 67 12 1 mo. 1861
Birmingham.

CALEB BROADHEAD, 64 10 6 mo. 1861
Cowlshaw, near Oldham.

DAVID BROOKES, *Glastonbury.* 32 12 6 mo. 1861

MARY BROWN, 19 3 11 mo. 1860
Dudley, Worcestershire. Daughter of James and Maria Brown.

This dear young friend had, by her general sweetness of mind and piety, become greatly endeared to her family and friends, and at the time of her removal, was under an engagement of marriage.

For some time previous to a visit to her relatives at Ipswich, she had complained of much weakness, accompanied with pain in her side; but her healthy appearance and animated spirits, caused her friends not to regard these symptoms as at all dangerous, and it was thought that change of air and scene would be the means of establishing her health.

For a time there appeared cause for encouraging the belief that this would be the case, but

it pleased her Heavenly Father to order it otherwise.

It was a few days only before her decease that her extremely critical state of health was evident. On an intimation of this, her mother and the young man to whom Mary was engaged, hastened to Ipswich, and on the evening of the day after their arrival, she expired.

Thus, while yet in her teens, in the time of brightest hope and expectation, this flower was plucked in its bloom, and her friends left to lament their loss ; but they are comforted by the precious assurance, that, through the love and mercy of her adorable Redeemer, on whom, in faith, her dependence was placed, the change to her purified spirit is one of ineffable bliss.

The following extracts from letters written shortly before her decease, show the humble preparing state of her youthful mind ; and it is thought may, under the Divine blessing, prove a good incentive to others.

Second month, 10th, 1859. "In looking at the past, I can see the finger of God in all his dealings with me ; he has indeed been a loving Father and Friend, but how I wish I could love him more, and serve him better ! What am I doing in my every-day life ? am I indeed adorning

the doctrine? Nay, how very far short I fall of what I know I should be, and what I indeed wish to be. I do feel this year to be an important one, and I would wish to spend it more for my Saviour than I have ever done before."

Fourth month, 18th, 1859. "I long for the time when sin shall not make us unhappy, and when we shall be with Jesus and our Father. What should we do if we had no such hope to look forward to, after passing through this world of sin and sorrow; but there are many, many blessings given to us to make our path easier and brighter, and surely we have need to *keep* looking to Jesus for guidance and help, that we do not set our affections on things of this world, but that we might set them upon things above."

Tenth month, 1860. "There are two passages in the 5th of Romans, which are, I think, searching ones; the fifth verse says, 'Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit.' Do we feel this love as we ought? If we did, would it not manifest itself in all our actions? would they not be more Christian-like? more loving to every one? should not we feel the impulse of that love working in us, to do more for our fellow-creatures? I mean, should not we try to do them the best service we can, viz.,—lead

them to the Saviour that they may also know the same love?"

In her last letter, written about a week before her death, after alluding to a sense of languor of spirit in reading or trying to pray, she adds, "I have had some few days of much happiness in looking to Jesus, and trust this cool spirit will soon pass away."

JAMES BUSBY, *Maidstone.* 73 28 3 mo. 1861

ROSAMOND CANDLER, 2 10 4 mo. 1861

Birkenhead, near Liverpool. Daughter of Benjamin J. and Phillis Candler.

EDWARD CANDLER, 78 20 6 mo. 1861

Bawburgh, near Norwich.

SARAH CANDLER, 82 2 7 mo. 1861

Bawburgh, near Norwich. Widow of Edward Candler.

REBECCA CAPSTICK, 79 12 10 mo. 1860

Whitworth, near Rochdale. Widow of Thomas Capstick.

THOMAS CARTER, *Worcester.* 68 10 5 mo. 1861

DEBORAH CASH, *Peckham.* 71 19 4 mo. 1861

MARY ANN CASSON, 23 7 7 mo. 1861

Darlington. Daughter of Benjamin and Rebecca Casson.

HANNAH CHADWICK, 74 17 1 mo. 1861

Sandbed, near Oldham. Wife of Thomas Chadwick.

JOHN CHANDLEE,	66	28	3 mo.	1861
<i>Gauls Mills, Co. Kilkenny.</i>				
BRACY CLARK, <i>London.</i>	89	16	12 mo.	1860
MARY CLARK, <i>Guernsey.</i>	73	14	1 mo.	1861
ELIZABETH CLARK,	67	17	4 mo.	1861
<i>Lancaster. Wife of Isaac Clark.</i>				
ELIZABETH CLIBBORN,	80	22	7 mo.	1861
<i>Anner Mills, near Clonmel, Ireland. An Elder. Widow of John B. Clibborn.</i>				

In recording the decease of this beloved and justly honoured friend, a notice, more extended than the mere insertion of name and age, appears due to the bright example of Christian virtue, by which, during a lengthened life, she was enabled, through the assistance of Divine grace, to give evidence of the sanctifying and preserving efficacy of true religion.

Elizabeth Clibborn was the daughter of John and Sarah Grubb of Anner Mills. Her father died when she was very young. In the twentieth year of her age she was married to John Barclay Clibborn. After about fifty years, the conjugal tie was severed by the decease of her tenderly affectionate husband:—having resided subsequently to their union with their revered mother, until her death, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

The mind of Elizabeth Clibborn appears to

have been, even in early childhood, impressed with the love of God, and as she increased in years, yielding to the convictions of the Holy Spirit, and seeking to be guided by his blessed influence, she grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She was long known and highly esteemed as a mother in our religious Society; remarkable for humility and diffidence, whilst judicious and discriminating; loving the gracious Redeemer and his holy cause; a nurturer in the Truth of such as, in simplicity of heart, were dedicated to his service; filling, with much Christian propriety, the important station of Elder for upwards of forty years. She was generous and hospitable; her heart and her house were especially open to receive the messengers of the gospel; and not a few of these, on both sides of the Atlantic, have recurred with grateful remembrance to the comfort and strength imparted by her cordial welcome and sheltering care. She was stedfast in upholding the principles professed by Friends, greatly desiring that, by individually experiencing an establishment on the only true foundation, Christ Jesus, our members may maintain them in their original simplicity and soundness. As an upright pillar in the Church, she meekly yet firmly

resisted all that was calculated to weaken the bond of religious fellowship, whilst she rejoiced in the promotion of that which was "lovely and of good report." Her spirit was clothed with love to the whole human family; it yielded to no sectarian narrowness, but, whilst firm in adhering to our testimonies to Christian truth, she remarked that "the Searcher of hearts alone knew the trials of those who were endeavouring to act aright, and that we should not judge such as differed from us in religious views." Her sympathetic feelings were truly expansive, both towards those in exalted stations, and to the poorest suppliant; affliction in every form awakened her tender commiseration; whether famine or other calamities, the prisoner in the dungeon, or the wounded soldier on the battle-field, all claimed emotions of pity; and she would say, "If we can do no more, we can endeavour to pray for them, and hope that all their sufferings may be blessed in bringing them nearer to the Saviour."

From youth to old age Elizabeth Clibborn was active and diligent—always anxious to use time while it was granted. For many years she devoted hours of the day to attending upon the sick and indigent. She had great enjoyment in performing the duties that devolved

upon her as the head of a large and much beloved family: she delighted in viewing the works of an Almighty Hand in the outward creation, and she gratefully appreciated the numerous blessings by which she was surrounded. She had, at different times, to pass through dispensations of deep affliction; but, whilst these keenly affected her susceptible heart, she was sustained in meek resignation to the Divine will, and her course through life was, in no common degree, marked by a cheerful piety that tended to attract others to the source of true happiness. She was careful not to lower the sacred standard of vital religion by too familiar discourse on subjects connected with it, and she maintained a degree of weighty reserve in reference to her own spiritual experience, but her conduct and conversation bore ample testimony to its *reality*. She kept a journal from early life until within a short time previous to her decease: the entries are fraught with interesting details, and evince her ardent desire for the promotion of righteousness, and for a more general attention to the light of Christ in the heart, and a more trustful reliance on the superintending power and merciful providence of God, whose guidance should be sought for, even in the ordinary concerns of life.

Many and various were the proofs of her tender care for the best interests of the youth, and of her earnest solicitude that they might be cherished, and gathered as lambs to the fold of Christ. On reading a narrative of children who diligently attended meetings for Divine worship when, for their faithfulness in the performance of this duty, their parents were imprisoned, and themselves threatened with severe corporeal suffering, she writes: Third month, 1859.—“The constancy of such is very interesting: a disposition now prevails to make light of the great advantages of assembling together for worship, and I very much fear that the professed object is not sufficiently dwelt upon. I should like that precious children should know that, however right that they should sit becomingly in meeting, it is but a small part of the duty—that they should endeavour to turn their little hearts to the Spirit of Him who is in heaven, and to worship Him who made heaven and earth and all things therein. Dear children are very susceptible and quick-sighted, and example goes before precept.”

Ninth month, 1860. “We are reading with deep interest the labours of S. Grellet and W. Allen in Russia. I wish the youth were disposed to peruse the works of such men in place of

fiction, which I fear occupies too much attention." Alluding to our Christian principles on gospel ministry, oaths, war, &c., she writes: "I wish we had many devoted young men, and strong men, an army of valiants—they are much wanted amongst us—men of integrity and uprightness, and of undaunted courage."

During the latter years of her life, the subject of this memorial had, at different times, serious attacks of illness: on partially recovering from one of these, she wrote: Second month, 1859.—"I feel it an awful matter to return to the world after such prostration. I am not anxious—I have nothing but unmerited mercy to lean upon—no virtue of my own." Speaking of the love which flowed in her heart, she adds, "I think it is very sorrowful for any making our high profession to feel a coldness towards others; surely we should try ourselves by the Scripture, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

In the autumn of 1860, this beloved friend was again visited with severe indisposition, attended with much pain, which recurred at intervals during the remainder of her life; and from this time she was mostly confined to the house. As strength declined, she appeared to be, in a remarkable manner, weaned from all temporal

cares and anxieties. In the Eleventh month, she penned the following: "I have been long on a bed of sickness, and sometimes favoured to feel very sweetly that peace which the world cannot give. I have innumerable causes to be grateful, surrounded as I am by my most affectionate children—I feel that my short-comings are awful—nothing but mercy to look to—I trust I have been preserved from wilfully disregarding the many mercies afforded, but how much have I to account for; my dear children are very near my heart: how I long that they may not live to themselves, but to Him who has bestowed gifts for which they must account."

First month, 2nd, 1861. "My own state of health is very feeble. I am at times fearful that patience is not fully abode in. I have innumerable blessings extended, and have at seasons been favoured to feel sweet peace, and an humble trust that mercy will cover the judgment-seat when the awful summons may arrive. I do not feel anxious, but wish to leave all to the disposal of a wise Providence, who has cared for me through a long life and much affliction. "I am unworthy of all His benefits." On the 23rd of Fourth month, 1861, she records a comforting religious visit from a beloved friend, and adds, "I

am at times favoured to believe that, however unworthy, He, whose mercies are over all his works, will continue to look down on such an unworthy creature, in great and tender mercy." The welfare of our religious Society continued deeply to interest her, and she repeatedly alluded to a weighty concern that had for a considerable time impressed her mind, that there might be *a right occupation of the time passed in our meetings for worship*. During the first days of the Yearly Meeting in Dublin in Fourth month last, she frequently spoke of the manner in which she was attracted to her friends who were convened on the occasion, and said she felt as though "with them in every meeting, and partaking of the good that is permitted there;" and after the conclusion of the sittings, she remarked, that she had thought when it was passed she "might have been permitted to slip out of life;" but, though she longed for release if consistent with the Divine will, it was her earnest desire that patience might have its perfect work, adding that she had "endeavoured not to mar it," and hoped she was "submissive." She remarked that, if she had anything more to say, it was "to impress the necessity of faithfulness on old and young," and that she left it as her "dying legacy that faithfulness to the

inward monitor should be attended to in *small* matters as well as *greater*." She very solemnly said it was "a great blessing that, from the first of her illness, she had believed that the end would be peace:" adding, "Oh! it is all of mercy—mercy—nothing short of it to a poor creature." She had much enjoyed hearing the Scriptures read, and her remarks on them were very instructive; they proved comforting to her even a few hours before the final close. Her last days were marked by a very solemn and peaceful influence, her thoughts being evidently fixed on heavenly things: her judgment continued clear, whilst the bodily powers gradually declined, until the 22nd of the Seventh month. On the morning of that day, after a quiet sleep, the moment arrived when, with *no* reliance on the merit of a well-spent life, but with a humble faith in the mercy of God in Christ, our Omnipotent Saviour, the spirit of this meek disciple—sustained by heavenly peace and love—was gently disrobed of mortality; and, as we cannot doubt, was clothed upon with the garment of eternal salvation.

JAMES BRADY COPELAND, 22 15 3 mo. 1861

Clevedon, Somerset. Son of T. and S. Copeland.

EDWARD CORDER, *Ipswich.* 63 29 6 mo. 1861

ALICE CRAGG, 72 23 2 mo. 1861

Lancaster. Widow of David Cragg.

JOSEPH CREWDSON,	36 12 3 mo. 1861
<i>Alderley Edge, Cheshire.</i>	
ELIZA CREWE,	35 18 7 mo. 1861
<i>Canada.</i> Widow of William Crewe.	
SARAH S. CROSFIELD,	29 11 1 mo. 1861
<i>Reigate.</i> Wife of Joseph Crosfield.	
MARTHA CROSS,	84 22 10 mo. 1860
<i>Colchester.</i> Widow of William Cross.	
EDWARD ANSON CROUCH,	60 22 10 mo. 1860
<i>Liskeard, Cornwall.</i>	
JOHN CUDWORTH,	75 25 3 mo. 1861
<i>Burley, near Leeds.</i>	
HANNAH DARBY,	77 20 12 mo. 1860
<i>Coalbrookdale.</i> Widow of Francis Darby.	
MARY ANN DARTON,	46 4 7 mo. 1861
<i>Stamford Hill, near London.</i>	
HANNAH DAWSON,	53 20 7 mo. 1861
<i>Moyallen, Ireland.</i> Wife of Joseph Dawson.	
MARGARET DELL,	16 8 12 mo. 1860
<i>Bristol.</i> Daughter of Isaac and Mary Dell.	
WILLIAM DENT,	83 23 9 mo. 1861
<i>Marr, near Doncaster.</i> A Minister.	

William Dent was descended from a family in Lincolnshire, which appears to have joined the Society of Friends at an early period. John Dent, of Roxby, near Winterton, one of that family, married Ann Morris, a widow, who was the

daughter of James and Margaret Hutchinson, and is stated to have been "convinced of the principles professed by the people called Quakers, in 1658, and continued faithful therein until death."

W. D. was a son of David and Ann Dent, of Broomhouse, Notts.; he was born on the 24th of Fifth month, 1778.

Not many particulars of his childhood and youth are known, but from the testimony of one of his relations and youthful associates, we conclude that he early learned that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." The example of his pious parents, and especially of his mother, an honest-hearted, upright Christian, was doubtless blessed to their children. An invalid sister who died in early womanhood appears to have been peculiarly the object of his affectionate solicitude.

Leaving Ackworth School about the age of thirteen, and being thenceforward engaged in the laborious duties of agricultural life, his opportunities for intellectual improvement were very limited. The force of his character was shown by his straightforward pursuit of the onward path of duty, and this, especially in early life, was one of no slight discouragement.

After the death of David Dent, his son William remained on the farm with his widowed mother. His industry and filial devotedness in circumstances of serious difficulty, were blessed; and, in his own mature age, he had the satisfaction of cheering the declining years of his honoured parent, who died in 1832.

In 1813 he married Sarah Wilkins Yerbury, whose name will long be lovingly remembered as a mother, a neighbour, and a Christian.

William and Sarah Dent settled at Marr, near Doncaster, in 1823. Beautifully to them was the Scripture fulfilled, "He shall choose our inheritance for us." In the management of a large farm, with the various labours, social, moral, and religious, which their position opened out, their course was too uniform and undeviating to require more than a brief allusion in this sketch. Sarah Dent died in the year 1835.

William Dent was appointed an Elder in Balby Monthly Meeting in 1827; and in 1841 was recorded as a Minister.

Watchfulness and earnestness were the characteristic features of his walk in his own religious society, but not less teaching was the exhibition of the same Christian qualities in his union with others for religious or philanthropic purposes, and in the ordinary commerce of life.

The daily Scripture readings to his family, with the calm, simple, but heartfelt exhortations from his lips which often succeeded them, will long be remembered. The Bible was to him emphatically *THE Book*—the question in each emergency, “which is the path of duty?”—and the determination of *that* in his own mind, conclusive.

Self-reliance was a ruling quality in his natural character: hence his disposition would ever lead him to determine a point for himself, rather than modify it by the opinion of others; and steadily to pursue the path once marked out. With the pervading tone of Christian humility, uniform gentleness and cheerfulness were the most obvious features to those who shared his society, in the domestic or social circle.

The Marr Bible Meetings, on which occasions from two to three hundred persons assembled in his spacious barn to hold the Annual Meeting of the Marr Association, and partake of the hospitality of William Dent and his kind neighbours, were most interesting illustrations of Christian festivity, and thoroughly in unison with the tone of his mind—unswerving in his own course, but entirely catholic in relation to his fellow-christians. His great aim being the glory of

God, by the exaltation of the Redeemer's name, he found no obstruction, from any preconceived path of his own, to unity with others whom he recognised as pursuing the same great object, whether in his own society, or in other sections of the Church of Christ.

As he lived—so he died. The gradual change from active exertion to total inability was just such as is described in the well-known lines,—

“ Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;”

the same quiet unruffled cheerfulness, and similar, though deep-toned words of comfort or warning, uttered “ in season ” to his family or friends. The clearness of his memory was noticeable, when, on such occasions, he would enforce what was before his mind, by correct and sometimes long quotations from the sacred volume.

On the last anniversary of the Bible Meeting he was confined to his room, but was able to enjoy the visits of some friends of the cause which was so near to his heart. “ I mentioned to him,” (says one of these in a letter to one of his daughters) “ the expression of an excellent man who, some months before his departure, said in answer to an inquiry,—‘ I am not afraid *to die*, but I am

afraid to live'”—(lest he should lose those hallowed impressions). On hearing this, your father added, “*But I am not afraid to die or to live!*”

On one occasion in the earlier part of his painful illness, speaking of the mercies of his Heavenly Father, he added, “It is such a comfort to feel that all is ordered by Him. I feel as if I could live years even in this state if it be His will.”

Several times he repeated 1 Thess. v. 16 to 24; evidently wishing to impress this Scripture upon his family.

Looking out into the fields he remarked, “How much they begin to look like harvest. The Lord be praised! How good it is to receive every blessing as coming from His hand; I like to speak well of His name,—to be cheerful when I can.” Often he spoke of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, saying it was all mercy; he had nothing to trust to but *that*.

“As with the joy of harvest,” was his spirit gathered into the heavenly garner. Not long had the harvest been reaped from those beautiful fields surrounding his earthly home, ere friends, neighbours, and villagers, assembled mournfully under the bright autumn sun, and many a tearful eye and sorrowing heart followed the train which

bore his long-known form to the grave;—"even as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season;" many too, however various their shades of opinion on earth, uniting in that clearer hope of the Christian, that as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

JAMES DERRY DIX, 47 1 11 mo. 1860
Newlands, Clapham Rise, near London. Son
of Francis and Hannah Dix.

The annals of the Christian church scarcely furnish a nobler sight than the steady advance of the youthful pilgrim to the maturity of Christian manhood, and the experience and faithfulness of the veteran in the service of his God. Early yielding his heart and understanding to the renovating and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, and early brought to Christ, he willingly enlists under His banner;—diligent, indeed, in the lawful pursuits of time, but not entangling himself with the affairs of this life—he is intent upon pleasing Him who has chosen him to be a soldier in the bloodless warfare of the Lamb, with weapons, not carnal, but mighty through God, in the defence of truth and against all iniquity and sin; he resolutely devotes the prime of life, the strength and vigour of his days, as well as his

latest years to the cause of Christ, the glory of God, and the good of his fellow-men. Finally, after a well spent and, it may be, a long life, he looks back with self-renouncing joy, resting upon the free grace of Christ alone, and unpresumptuously exclaims with the Apostle, "the time of my departure is at hand ; I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Free from regret we have looked upon such, and given God the praise.

Very different are the feelings with which we view, as he viewed it himself, the course of the subject of this notice ; though in him also, yet not without regret, we find cause to praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful condescension to the children of men. James Derry Dix, though favoured with strong religious convictions in the days of his youth, unhappily resisted the early visitations of the Redeemer's grace. Possessed of a powerful intellect, and a grasping understanding, he devoted the energies of his youth and earlier manhood chiefly to the pursuit of worldly objects ; and it was not till after " years of suffering " that he was brought to receive the truth as it

is in Jesus, in the love of it, and enabled to end his days in peace, leaving to survivors an instructive lesson of the danger of delay, as well as a noteworthy example of the *infinite* value of the Redeemer's propitiatory sacrifice, without which he felt and said he could not have been reached and rescued. But of his personal history little is recorded, except what may be gleaned from his own remarks to an intimate friend, to whose brotherly-kindness and Christian intercourse, especially during the time of his illness, he was much indebted. From his "Remembrances of the last days of J. D. D." the following particulars are chiefly taken.

J. D. D.'s health had for some years been declining, and his attention had already been decidedly turned to the all-important subject of personal religion, and a right preparation for the life to come, when, being on the point of departing for Egypt, his friend paid him a visit about the middle of the Ninth month, 1859.

"I went to Newlands," he says, "to spend the day with my old and valued friend, J. D. D., thinking it more than probable that I might never see him again, as he was preparing to leave England for Egypt, where he intended to pass the winter. I was truly glad to find him quite himself, clear and bright in mind as ever he was, but

sadly changed physically—exceedingly weak in body ; and this led me to ask him if he thought he was wise in undertaking so great a journey in his enfeebled condition. He said that no one could conceive the difference between the beautiful, dry, warm atmosphere of Egypt, after passing over such an extent of the hot sands of the desert, and that of England ; that in consequence of this invalids found existence a real pleasure there, when it was almost insurmountable suffering in this country.

“ He said he felt as if he was suspended by a thread over an immense chasm, and that this might break at any moment, but that it now mattered not to him where or how he died ; it might be very soon, and could not be very long, but if he might be permitted to wear out the fragment of existence that remained to him in comfort, it was all that he desired. I said that if we were but ready for the great change, it would not matter where it took place, although I thought it very sad for invalids to go away to die in a foreign land, far away from their friends, and with no home comforts around them, as we so constantly see done. During the day I had one or two opportunities for conversation on religious subjects, and although the substance cannot now be

recollected, I felt a full persuasion, that a work of grace was begun in his soul."

In reply to a letter from the same friend, full of Christian interest and appropriate remarks on subjects of the greatest importance, J. D. D. writes—on the 9th of Tenth month, 1859 :

"I do indeed rejoice, my dear Joseph, that we can feel in a measure alike on the all-important subject of the life to come. I do think, however, that I must have been the most obstinate and hardened of mankind, to resist so many evidences of what was true and right, and, as it were, to defy all consequences so long. But at least now, my dear friend, and at last, I feel most assuredly that there is no hope at all for us—and indeed nothing that even pretends to hold out a passport to a better world—unless it be the One Saviour of men, and a life, so far as we are able, in conformity with the doctrines He has taught. Hard, indeed, have I found it to reconcile in my mind the mysteries of atonement, and the way of the Creator with his creature—man ; but I am persuaded that, so adapted to the happiness of mankind in this life, so far surpassing all else in their promises of a better life to come, whether we can comprehend them or not, the doctrines of the Christian religion, carried out into practical life here on

earth, are the only ones for us and to which we may trust. I am persuaded that, though all will have abundant cause to feel that this is no abiding place, yet the Creator did intend to bestow on mankind a large measure of enjoyment and happiness, even in this life, and that godliness with contentment has the promise of this life as well as that which is to come. Much have we indeed to be thankful for, however much may fall to our lot that we should not have chosen; and I do see how often that which appears a foe to our happiness in life, may prove our greatest gain."

With such views on religious subjects, J. D. D. sailed for Egypt about the middle of Tenth month, leaving this country just in time to escape the unusually severe weather which succeeded, and which would have been very trying to him in his delicate state of health. His stay in Egypt did not seem to change the symptoms of his disease, which was pulmonary, though it might alleviate his sufferings. Several letters of an interesting character were received from him, during his absence, and not long after his return in the Fifth month, 1860, his friend paid him a visit at his own house.

"I found him sitting," he remarks, "in his summer-house, half way down the garden, warmly

clothed (15th of Sixth month). He expressed great pleasure in again having an opportunity of meeting me. Our conversation was for some time on the decease of ———. He remarked how often he was hearing of the death of men in full health, while he, who had been gradually going for years, was still left behind. He then spoke of his last journey to Egypt. He felt now that his strength was gradually failing. Before he went out to Egypt he was able to walk about the garden easily—but now he could not go a hundred yards without being obliged to sit down and rest.”

After some remarks of a serious character, and listening to a few extracts from “The higher Christian Life,” he thanked his friend for his kindness, and said, that he wished very much that all his visitors now would leave as much of the world behind them as they could, adding, “I am almost annoyed at times with some friends who come, and seem to have no thought of my condition. They will tell me all the latest news, and city intelligence, and say, ‘Come, keep up, you’ll get better yet,’ when they must know that it is an impossibility. They mean well, I believe, but they must know that a dying man can feel very little interest in the different topics of the day. I feel that I have nearly done with the

world, and I do not want to have it thrust upon me. But those visitors who do consider my state, and have some serious thought about them, I am very glad to see."

A long conversation which followed, led to the recital of a beautiful hymn, as embodying the sentiments which had been dwelt upon.

"Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness thickens—Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me." &c.

J. D. D. was much pleased, and his friend felt very thankful for the evidence afforded, during the interview, that the work of Divine grace was steadily going on in his soul. Unavoidable engagements prevented a speedy renewal of personal intercourse, but on the 16th of Tenth month, a letter from a near connexion conveyed the intelligence that J. D. D. was much worse, and had not left his bed for some days.

"I called yesterday," says the writer, "and spent an hour with him, which ought to be of lasting service to me, and to all such as have known him in his days of health. He said he was not afraid to die—he wished for death on account of his bodily suffering ; he had found that the Gospel plan of salvation was the only one

that would stand the test of a death-bed, and that there was no hope of redemption except through Jesus Christ. He talked too long to me in this manner, as he suffers much pain after exerting himself, but he was determined to tell me how he felt, and regretted and grieved over the fact of his having used his talents so little to the glory of God. Still he has full confidence in the all-sufficiency of Jesus, and feels that without his mediation he must be shut out. It was a solemn time, and such a one as perhaps I may never meet with again. Strong-minded, energetic, clear-headed, James D. Dix, with his senses perfectly clear and bright, obliged to come to the old and simple plan of redemption through Jesus Christ!"

Not long after the receipt of this information, and a letter passing between them, J. D. D. received another visit from his friend. He welcomed him with a smile on his countenance, and said, "Ah, Joseph, here I am—close to *the Country*?" Space does not allow, nor is it needful to give all that passed in this and the succeeding interviews with his "beloved friend and brother in Christ." It is enough to select what had the most special application to himself, and illustrates his own character and position, as one escaping from the mazes of scepticism and the bondage of

sin to find rest in Jesus. Deep and sincere as had been his repentings, and clear and distinct as was sometimes his perception of the saving truths of the Gospel, yet in reference to his own state he was not without seasons of fear and conflict; he earnestly sought to know the opinion of his friend, whether he thought that he was really right, or whether his was "a false hope." "I have long since felt," he said, "the greatness of my sins, and have been very earnest in prayer to God, imploring him to pardon them, and to receive me to Himself; and some weeks ago I was kneeling there, (pointing to the side of his bed) praying earnestly that I might know that I was pardoned, when it suddenly came to me, almost as if it had been spoken, 'I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me!' And ever since that time I have felt more or less of a peacefulness that I have never known before. Now am I resting on a false hope? Or is this a false peace?" On the belief being expressed, that such a remarkable answer to prayer might be considered as an evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit in his heart, he fervently returned thanks to God, and said that he had felt that it could not be wrong, but that at times Satan tried to raise doubts in his mind, and

had often tempted him by the suggestion, "Ah, you kept sinning as long as you had the power to sin, and now, do you suppose that your repentance will be accepted, merely because you have lost the power of continuing in the commission of sin?" His friend very appropriately replied by reminding him that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and "that there is now no condemnation to them that are *in* Christ Jesus." Querying whether he had not found comfort in reading the 8th of Romans, he said that he had done so, and added that his father had read the 7th and 8th chapters only a short time ago. He spoke of some difficulty he had had respecting the "sin against the Holy Ghost," which his friend ultimately altogether removed. The text was quoted, "And it shall come to pass that at eventide there shall be light," with the expression of a belief that his would be a bright sunset. "No!" he exclaimed, "mine cannot be a *bright* sunset—no! I may have *light*, but mine cannot be a *bright* sunset." He was reminded of the account of Christian and Hopeful in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. "Ah, Joseph," he said, "I have no title to Christian's character. I have not had a 'progress,' nor a public confession of Christ before men as he had for years. Oh, what would not I now give to

have lived more to the glory of God." On his attention being turned to the account of the penitent thief on the cross, and some other passages of Scripture, he said, "Ah, how complete is the Bible! That of itself is sufficient to prove the Divine origin of the book. I have sought it from end to end to see if there was any passage that would exclude me—to see if such as I must be shut out; I have tried and looked every where to see if I could find one such passage—one exception to the offers of mercy in Christ Jesus; but I have never found one. But of one thing I am quite certain, that had Christ's sacrifice for the sins of the whole world been less than *infinite*, it would not have reached me." After a while he remarked how wonderful it was that memory should be so powerful. "Now, when I am laid upon my death-bed," he added, "all the actions of my life come up before me,—and still they come and come, like the hosts of Xerxes' army; and as each fresh one arises, I pray God to pardon it;—so true are the words of the Psalmist—'Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.'"

Again, on being reminded of the case of the Publican and the Pharisee, he said, "Ah, I have

not even the tithes of mint and anise and cummin to plead. I must have had the hardest of hearts to have resisted so long; and to have gone on, as it were, in defiance, when at the time I knew it was wrong; when I knew better. What would I not now give to have done something for the glory of God, and lived as I ought to have done." Reference being made to the text in Romans respecting confessing the Lord Jesus Christ with the mouth, and believing with the heart, he exclaimed, "Ah! there are the two points—confess with the mouth, and believe in the heart: confession with the mouth is of no avail without believing in the heart. O Lord! I do believe; I do believe—help Thou mine unbelief—I do believe. Oh that I may be saved. Help my unbelief."

After some conversation on the mysteries of redemption, and his deliverance from all doubts as to a certain eternity of happiness and of misery, he referred to a circumstance which occurred one day last winter, when in Egypt. "I was very weak and ill indeed, and could not go far from the boat; so I took my Testament to the top of a sand-hill close to the Nile, and lay down there. I read the Gospels for some hours. I was quite alone. My companions had gone some distance to visit some ruins, and my servant had gone to

the boat to prepare some food for me. I thought how wonderful it was that God had revealed his will to us, and given us such extraordinary privileges above most other nations, and particularly so in comparison with the poor blacks of this country (Nubia), when I suddenly lost all memory of where I was, and what I was. I seemed carried away in an atmosphere of perfect bliss and happiness. How long I remained so I cannot say; but when I became conscious again, I felt that I would gladly have given the remainder of my life to have obtained it again, and if the happiness of heaven is at all to be compared with even what I then felt, all I can say is, a lifetime here is not equal to an hour of such happiness as that."

After his friend had knelt down in prayer by his bedside on his behalf, he remarked "how wonderful it was that Christ should have been so often in prayer; we constantly read of his spending whole nights in prayer to God; and that, rising up a great while before day, he departed into a solitary place to pray!" "I am quite sure," he replied to an observation of his friend, "that there is no life that can compare in happiness with that of the man who is ever looking up to heaven, and has his conversation and

his treasure there ; neither prosperity nor adversity affect him ; no ! godliness with contentment is great gain, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come."

He then spoke of God's wonderful dealings with himself ; that from time to time he had postponed the preparation for eternity from the pressure of business in which he had been engrossed ; that he had commenced life with nothing, but by untiring energy he had realised many hundreds a year. " I read my Bible," he added, " in part only. I read, 'not slothful in business,' but I did not read, 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' I did not, as I ought to have done, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and I feel as if it had been said to me—'Well, it is of no use—we must touch his bone and his flesh ; nothing short of that will effect it.' I see it is the only way that would have reached me. Had poverty been tried, I might have destroyed myself ; all has indeed been most wisely appointed." On another occasion he remarked : " Ah, how cheap is virtue, and how dear is vice ! How much have I foolishly thrown away in trifling and vicious pleasures. Alas ! what pleasure 'had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed, for the end of those things is death,'—'the wages

of sin is death.' I pray God not to lay these to my charge—not to shut me out on account of them ; to let me be a door-keeper—anything, however humble—so that I may but be inside ; but not to exclude me—not to shut me out."

A week after, J. D. D. received another visit from his dear friend, who found the invalid much altered and very weak. He gratefully acknowledged his friend's kindness in sending him *The Victory Won*. "I have read it all," he said. "How soon it was made clear to him, (Dr. R.) and how firm he remained. It has been a great comfort to me." He afterwards remarked : "Sometimes I have feared that it was all a delusion ; that the enemy was building me up on a false hope." On the "love of the brethren" being alluded to as an evidence of having passed from death unto life, J. D. D. replied that indeed he did love them. "I know *now*," he added, "what 'the brethren' means. At one time I used to argue on religious questions with those who spoke to me on the subject, so that after they had left, I have often wondered whether I was the better, or they the worse, for our conversation ; but now I feel that I love all who ever have shown me that they loved Christ. I did not feel so once. I have been a great delinquent—a great moral delinquent. Oh, I do feel the greatest love to all

those who have ever spoken to me upon eternal things."

He again expressed his warm affection and gratitude towards his kind visitor, entering into free conversation, as before; his intellect being perfectly clear and bright, though his physical strength was greatly reduced. "How beautiful," he remarked in the course of conversation, "the Psalms are; they appear increasingly so to me. When I was in Egypt last winter I read them constantly, and I never understood them so before. I used to take my Testament and Psalter with me and read them in the caves, and among the ruins, when my companions were engaged." He went on relating other incidents connected with his sufferings from the nature of his disease, and dwelt with thankfulness on his deliverance from peculiar temptation. When his friend remarked on all these tokens of a Saviour's love, he replied "O, He is often with me—very often. When I am bowed down with fear and troubled with doubt, He says to me: 'I will have mercy upon thee—doubt not, I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.'"—"Somehow the burden has slipped off my back."

In the afternoon he complained of his cough, and after an exhausting attack he said: "How

remarkable has been my case—yet I can see that it was the only way for me.”—“ Since I have been lying here I have often thought that, supposing it possible, if I could be again restored to health, but must be subjected to the same course of life—to every temptation that assailed me before, when in health and vigour, I should now say; O no—pray let me not return; let me not have again to go through what I have done; O take me away from it altogether.”

The cough now became more frequent and the consequent exhaustion greater. After one of these paroxysms he said, “ Pray for me; do pray for me; prayer is commanded; it must mean something; it cannot be in vain.” Not long after this, his friend being obliged to leave, he put his arm round him most affectionately, and repeatedly thanked him for his Christian kindness; and so they parted, not to see each other again on earth. In about half an hour after, a change came on—and about ten next morning, J. D. D., according to his earnest desire not to be permitted to die from suffocation, quietly passed away, apparently without pain; “ no longer now,” remarks his friend, “ in the weakness and suffering in which I had so lately seen him, but clothed with immortality and radiant with joy—filled with love

to that Saviour who had redeemed him by his blood, and given him the victory."

FRANCIS DIX, *Liverpool*. 66 31 12 mo. 1860

MARY DIX, 83 22 1 mo. 1861

Liverpool. Widow of the above Francis Dix.

ANN DRIVER, 72 19 5 mo. 1861

Kennington Park, London. Widow of Charles B. Driver.

PATIENCE DUCKWORTH, 73 25 11 mo. 1860

Huddersfield. Widow of John B. Duckworth.

EPHRAIM DURRAN, 48 28 1 mo. 1861

Maidford, Northamptonshire.

ZACCHEUS DYSON, 78 4 6 mo. 1861

Handsworth Woodhouse, Yorks. An Elder.

ALFRED EDDISON, 19 8 2 mo. 1861

Nottingham. Son of Booth and Eliza Eddison.

The nature and sudden termination of this dear youth's last illness deprived him of the power of conversing with his friends on the state of his mind in the prospect before him; but, on looking back upon the years of his comparatively short life, there is much to encourage the belief that he was one of those who, under the converting influence of the Holy Spirit, grow up, even from their childhood, in the fear of the Lord and the grace of Christ.

“When about nine years old,” his mother remarks, “I have sometimes found him in tears after retiring to bed; his heart was full of anxiety, lest, if he died then he should not go to heaven. ‘Pray for me, dear Mamma,’ was his earnest entreaty.” The same anxious solicitude for the welfare of his soul, and the desire to know his sins forgiven him, were frequently felt when at school at Hitchin; and he requested his mother to give him a small pocket Testament that he might place it under his pillow, to read in the quiet of the early mornings, before the boys awoke.

He was remarkably truthful himself, and keenly alive to any approach to prevarication, or deviation from strict justice, in those around him; and, being naturally of rather an impetuous temper, the hasty expression of his resentment sometimes brought him into trouble; but, when conscious of having given way to undue warmth, he could not feel happy until he had confessed his error and his sorrow, and obtained forgiveness.

In keeping with these early manifestations of character, and the workings of religious conviction in his heart, are the following memoranda found among his private papers, after his decease. They further evince his earnest desire to walk “in wisdom’s ways,” and may be

encouraging to others in showing their love to the Saviour by keeping His commandments.

“ Rules for the guidance of my conduct ; hoping that the Almighty will give me strength to carry them out, and resolution to withstand temptation.

1. Read my Bible every night and morning.

2. Offer up a prayer, morning and evening, for guidance in the right course, and for faith.

3. Endeavour to overcome my evil passions, and to be more watchful over my conduct to those around me.

4. Be willing to receive reproof.

5. Be careful in the selection of books.

6. Choose those for acquaintances who fear God, and are people of understanding.

7. Give up smoking and such like follies.

8. Be careful to speak the truth without prevaricating.

9. Think more of the good others do than try to find out the evil.”

In the beginning of 1857 the delicate state of his father's health induced him to spend the winter in the South of Europe, and Alfred accompanied him to Italy, but went back to school on their return, after the midsummer vacation. Though rather languid during the next winter vacation, spent with his parents and sisters at

Torquay, he became quite robust and strong the succeeding half-year, uniting with his school-fellows in their usual sports and exercises.

On leaving school he was placed with a Civil Engineer to acquire a knowledge of that business. The extremes of heat and cold to which he was here exposed so affected his health, that a removal to his friends became necessary, whilst his parents and sisters were in Madeira, whence his beloved father never returned. After spending some time at Torquay with apparent benefit, Alfred went to reside in a Friend's family in South Devon, where he had an opportunity of being instructed in the various pursuits connected with the management of a large farm. This situation was so much in accordance with his tastes, and he felt so thoroughly happy under the roof of his kind host and hostess, that his health improved considerably. But in the Tenth month of last year, he took a severe cold, accompanied with so much prostration of strength, that steps were taken to remove him to Madeira for the winter. The dear invalid himself was so desirous to go there, that it was a great disappointment to him, when his medical advisers strongly recommended his remaining in England. For a time he appeared much troubled; but on the return of

his mother, who had left the room for a short time, he looked up to her with a bright smile and said: "I think, Mamma, it is quite for the best to remain in England, and I have prayed to God to make me feel contented." He never afterwards expressed any regret—and the hand of Providence was gratefully recognised in the conclusion to give up the voyage; for the vessel in which the berths had been taken was destroyed by fire soon after leaving Southampton, and the passengers and crew narrowly escaped, while the cargo and luggage were entirely lost.

Penzance was fixed upon for a winter's residence. Here Alfred materially improved and appeared to gain strength. But a new and unlooked for complaint came on; he was attacked with severe pain in the head, and on the 5th of Second month it became too apparent that serious inflammatory action of the brain had set in. He was soon unable to fix his attention or to articulate, though he anxiously endeavoured to say something, but it could not be understood; and he continued in a suffering state till the evening of the 8th, when his spirit was released. His increased thoughtfulness, and his anxious desire to be found ready when the final summons should come, add to the comforting assurance that he

knew where to flee for succour in the time of need, that his Saviour was near to sustain him while passing through "the Valley," and that he is now numbered with the redeemed ones—whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

SANDHAM ELLY, 75 5 1 mo. 1861

Elly's Walk, New Ross, Ireland.

SUSANNA EMSON, 67 30 11 mo. 1860

Halstead, Essex.

MARY EVANS, *Birmingham.* 68 27 10 mo. 1860

JOHN EVERETT, 75 17 12 mo. 1860

Harling, Norfolk.

DANIEL FARRAND, *Leicester.* 68 23 7 mo. 1861

MARY FARRAND, 69 1 10 mo. 1861

Croydon. Wife of John Farrand.

ALICE FENNELL, 68 8 12 mo. 1860

Greenwich, near Dublin. Wife of W. H. Fennell.

JOSEPH TALWIN FOSTER, 66 2 2 mo. 1861

Stamford Hill, near London. An Elder.

RACHEL CATHERINE FOWLER, 1 19 12 mo. 1860

Tottenham. Daughter of William and Rachel Maria Fowler.

ANN FRITH, 87 1 1 mo. 1861

Nottingham. Widow of Joseph Frith.

JOSEPH FRY, *Plashet, Essex.* 84 28 8 mo. 1861

ANNE GATCHELL,	74	5	6 mo. 1861
<i>Rathangan, Ireland.</i> Wife of Samuel Gatchell.			
RACHEL GAUNTLEY,	52	26	4 mo. 1861
<i>Bakewell.</i> Wife of Edward Gauntley.			
JOSEPH GIBBINS, Jun.,	20	25	7 mo. 1861
<i>Birmingham.</i> Son of Joseph and Sarah Gibbins.			
JOHN GILKES, <i>Reading.</i>	87	24	8 mo. 1861
MARGARET GOODBODY,	16	18	1 mo. 1861
<i>Charlestown, Clara, near Moate, Ireland.</i>			
Daughter of Jonathan and Lydia Goodbody.			
EMMA GOODBODY,	41	7	2 mo. 1861
<i>Tullamore, Ireland.</i> Wife of Robert James Goodbody.			
ROBERT GOOSE, <i>Norwich.</i>	71	18	7 mo. 1861
JOSIAH GRACE,	76	29	7 mo. 1861
<i>Christmas Street, Bristol.</i>			
ELIZABETH GREENWOOD,	72	30	3 mo. 1861
<i>Rochester.</i> Wife of William Greenwood.			

Her daily walk for many years gave evidence to those around her of the progressive work of sanctification, showing that her affections were set on things above, and that her life was hid with Christ in God. The meekness and gentleness of her character endeared her to her friends so that it is sweetly felt that "the memory of the just is blessed."

- AGNES GRIMSHAW, 88 6 4 mo. 1861
Peckham. Widow of William Grimshaw.
- THOMAS GRUBB, *Limerick.* 52 7 5 mo. 1861
- ALFRED GURNEY, 36 22 11 mo. 1860
Bristol. Son of Charles and Mary Gurney.
- THOMAS HALES, 9 4 mo. 1861
Homerton, London.
- ROBERT HALL, 74 21 11 mo. 1860
Malton, Yorks.
- SAMUEL HALL, 69 31 1 mo. 1861
Shaw, near Oldham.
- SARAH HALL, 72 29 3 mo. 1861
High Staddon, Allendale.
- JOSEPH HARDWICK, *Bristol.* 60 29 12 mo. 1860
- JOHN THWAITE HARKER, 8 15 5 mo. 1861
Middlesborough. Son of Francis J. and Emma M. Harker.
- MARY HARRISON, 70 24 11 mo. 1860
Cotham, Bristol. Widow of George Harrison, Cartmel.
- THOMAS HARVEY, 73 30 4 mo. 1861
Youghal, Ireland. An Elder.
- MARY HASLAM, 75 29 12 mo. 1860
Dublin. Widow of John Haslam.
- THOMAS WAKEFIELD HAUGH-
 TON, 34 5 6 mo. 1861
Burtown House, Ballytore, Ireland. Son of Thomas Christy Wakefield.

MARY HAWGOOD, <i>Wandsworth.</i>	90 18 11 mo. 1860
WILLIAM HAWORTH, <i>North View, Todmorden.</i>	72 19 7 mo. 1861
GEORGE HAYCOCK, <i>Chelmsford.</i>	68 16 1 mo. 1861
PHILIP HEPPENSTALL, <i>Sheffield.</i>	70 10 3 mo. 1861
ELIZABETH HICKS, <i>Bardfield, Essex.</i>	85 22 4 mo. 1861
ELIZABETH HILL, <i>Dublin.</i>	80 26 11 mo. 1860
ISABELLA HILL, <i>Limerick.</i>	48 13 8 mo. 1861
JOHN HILLS, <i>Earls Colne, Essex.</i>	52 31 5 mo. 1861
ELIZABETH HODGKINSON, <i>Rochdale.</i> Widow of Samuel Hodgkinson.	56 9 3 mo. 1861
MARY DE HORNE, <i>Stanway Hall, near Colchester.</i>	58 4 11 mo. 1860
FRANCIS B. HORNOR, <i>The Howe, Halstead, Essex.</i> Son of Edward and Ann Hornor.	17 16 10 mo. 1860
WILLIAM C. HORSNAILL, <i>Rochester.</i>	49 5 8 mo. 1861

Although highly esteemed by those who knew him, and abounding in deeds of charity towards the poor and afflicted, yet such was the high standard of holiness entertained by this dear friend that,

looking too exclusively at his own shortcomings, he scarcely dared to appropriate to himself the title of a Christian, or to think himself fit to be employed in the service of the Church. There is ground to believe that, had he not yielded too much to the depressing sense of his own unworthiness, he might have been more conspicuous as a labourer in the Lord's vineyard. It was, however, manifest that eternal things were felt by him to be of supreme importance; and when called to pass through heavy domestic afflictions, and at length prostrated by disease, in the prime of his days and in the midst of the active engagements of life, and confined to his bed during a period of five months, his patience and resignation gave evidence of a deeper work of sanctification within than he was willing to admit in words; whilst proof was not wanting that his reliance was placed on the atonement and all availing merits and intercession of the Saviour, through whom, it is thankfully believed, an entrance has been granted him into the mansions of eternal rest.

In view of interesting cases like the present there appears, indeed, to be reason to fear that the Church is deprived of much valuable labour through the undue discouragement which is often the result of a misapprehension of what constitutes

the true qualification for service, when the love of Christ is felt to constrain the believer not to live unto himself, but to Him who died for us and rose again. The following extract from a valuable author may not be inappropriate, but instructive and encouraging to some who, like the dear friend whose decease is here recorded, may be in danger of "withholding more than is meet."

"In all your enterprises for Christ, if tempted to despair because of your unworthiness and unfitness for the work *Christ calls you to do*, or the errand he sends you upon, make that an argument of faith; an argument indeed for *self*-despair, but for casting all upon Christ, and for going forward cheerfully, boldly, fearless of consequences, throwing all upon Him. Your guilt is not a reason for not engaging in his service, but for casting yourselves entirely on His grace in that service. Your weakness is not a reason for abandoning your enterprise or doing little for Christ; but it is a reason—the great reason for coming to Christ perpetually, that His strength may be manifested, perfected and glorified in your weakness." *

EMMA HOSKIN, 24 1 5 mo. 1861
Huddersfield. Wife of Octavius Hoskin.

* Cheever's "Waymarks of the Pilgrimage." pp. 129. 130.

HANNAH HOYLAND,	73	13	1 mo.	1861
<i>Barrow, near Loughborough. Wife of W. F. Hoyland.</i>				
REBECCA HUBBERT,	81	3	6 mo.	1861
<i>Bocking, Essex.</i>				
SAMUEL HUGHES, <i>Worcester.</i>	79	25	7 mo.	1861
MARY HUMPHREYS,	68	25	4 mo.	1861
<i>Black Rock, Co. Dublin. Widow of Joseph Humphreys.</i>				
JOHN HUNT, <i>Brighton.</i>	70	17	5 mo.	1861
MARIA HUTCHINSON,	75	8	3 mo.	1861
<i>Bishop Auckland. A Minister.</i>				
HENRY JACKSON,	9	18	1 mo.	1861
<i>Brooklands, Garstang. Son of Richard and Elizabeth Jackson.</i>				
ELIZABETH JEFFERSON,	75	3	4 mo.	1861
<i>Flimby Lodge, Maryport.</i>				
REBECCA JENNINGS,	48	14	6 mo.	1861
<i>Scarborough.</i>				
WILLIAM JOHNSON, <i>Cork.</i>	72	18	4 mo.	1861
JAMES JOHNSON, <i>Stockport.</i>	67	30	4 mo.	1861
ELIZABETH JOSLING,	63	28	12 mo.	1860
<i>Chelmsford. Wife of John Josling.</i>				
JANE JOWETT, <i>Leeds.</i>	51	2	5 mo.	1861
ANN KNIGHT,	68	11	12 mo.	1860
<i>Woodbridge, Suffolk. Widow of James Knight.</i>				

- MARY LAKE, 68 8 1 mo. 1861
Heaton Norris, Stockport. Wife of George Lake.
- SUSANNA LAMB, 57 1 1 mo. 1861
Peartree Hill, Hillsborough, Ireland. Wife of Abraham Lamb.
- EDITH LATCHMORE, 18 8 2 mo. 1861
Leeds. Daughter of Edward and Esther Latchmore.

Few things are of deeper interest to the Christian observer than unmistakable evidences of the real heart-work of true religion. Wherever that is found, in old or young, it is doubtless the work of the Holy Spirit. Be the secondary means employed to bring the soul to God what they may, it is the Spirit who makes known to the sinner the real necessities of his nature. His teaching alone can bring him acquainted with his soul's wants, burdens, and temptations. In the earliest processes of the Spirit's work, in order to lay deep the beginning of it, he convinces of sin, and gives the feeling of the need of a Saviour. Sense of want is the spring of desire; but "we know not what to pray for as we ought;—the Spirit himself helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us." The Spirit inclines the heart to the objects essential to happiness, and so

exerts his influence that the quickened desire struggles for utterance, and raised to heaven, the soul pours out its supplications at the throne of grace. The prayer of faith is not turned away, by the great "Hearer of prayer." The suppliant is permitted to rejoice in the Divine purpose "that where sin abounded grace should much more abound," through Him "who ascended up on high, and received gifts for men, even for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them." It is still the Spirit who seals upon the contrite, repenting, and believing heart, the sense of a personal interest in the unsearchable riches of Christ; and the heart that has realized it cannot but feel inexpressible gratitude to the Saviour, through whose grace and work this blessing has been secured: for the spirit of grace and supplication must be viewed as the fruit of Christ's atonement. "Through *Him* we both have access *by one Spirit* unto the Father."

These things are, doubtless, worthy of the deepest attention, and it cannot but be a matter of peculiar interest to see them in any degree exemplified in the experience of those who, like ears of corn early ripe, are early gathered into the heavenly garner. Among these Edith Latchmore may be looked upon as adding one more to

the cloud of witnesses to the power of redeeming love.

Naturally of a bright and joyous disposition, she shed a sunny influence on those around her, and was a universal favourite. Her character even in very early life was marked by great truthfulness, and her parents do not remember any instance of deceit, except once while quite a child, for which she evinced great sorrow. And yet, with all this engaging sweetness, she felt that that there was something wanting—she had not yet obtained peace—she did not feel quite happy. The Spirit was at work in her heart, convincing her of sin, and she had not yet laid hold by faith on Jesus as her *own* Saviour. It was while at school at York that she thus wrote to her parents.

First month, 1st, 1860. “Pray for me, my dear parents, for I do indeed need your earnest prayers. Pray that I may be brought to Jesus, to know him as my Saviour *for myself*. I can believe in his ability to save others, but it all looks dark to *me*. I have at times, indeed, earnestly prayed and longed in the darkness of the night, and at other times, that God would give me His Holy Spirit and lead me to his dear Son. But at other times I am led to fear that my sorrow for my sins, and longing for forgiveness, are only

illusions of the tempter, and that in a little time these impressions will wear off. Do pray that they may not, as I do myself; but that they may be the callings of the Holy Spirit himself.

"I am almost sorry for having written this, so fearful am I that these feelings are not those of true repentance."

Her youthful heart did not relinquish the conflict; though sometimes faint, she yet pursued the one thing needful. On the 17th of Third month she again writes to her parents.

"I have not yet found the peace I long for, and I am afraid I have not been earnest in prayer for it lately. Really in a school life there seems so much to draw the attention off such things, and in our daily busy round there seems so little time for them, and when we do get to bed we are so tired, that I often fall asleep before I know of it."

There may be a response in many young hearts in reading these lines of a fellow-pilgrim in the morning of life, even whilst thankfully appreciating the privilege of a guarded education calculated, under the Divine blessing, to promote both their temporal and their spiritual interests. If they also sometimes feel weary, let them still continue "instant in prayer, watching thereunto with all perseverance," and in due season they also shall reap if they faint not.

Though tried, Edith was not forsaken. The Lord was bringing her by a way which she knew not; He was leading her in paths which she had not known. But he was on his way to make darkness light before her, and crooked things straight—to fulfil his promise to those who seek him: “These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.”

Delicate health obliged her to leave the school at York in the Third month, 1860. Yet she entered with pleasure into the duties of home, and took great interest in her class at the First-Day School, while she had strength for active pursuits. As to her spiritual experience, the longing of her soul still remained unsatisfied. In the First month of 1861, she became ill, and on the 25th took to her bed. During that day she felt very anxious about her sister, who also was very ill in an adjoining room, and her mother twice found her in tears. Next morning she said, she could indeed unite in the remark that such a season was not the time best suited for repentance; and in the evening she fully opened her heart to her beloved parents. She said she feared she had been too worldly—had not sufficiently felt her sins, and been much tried with wandering thoughts in meeting. She felt she had sometimes

neglected prayer, because she did not like to kneel before others lest she should not act consistently, and so fell asleep without it. She expressed much more of a very interesting character, clearly indicative of the work of the Spirit in her heart; and then desired that prayer might be offered on her behalf, that she might *feel* her sins and see her Saviour.

Difficulty of breathing occasioned a distressing night. In the morning, she wished a portion of Scripture to be read to her, and seemed much soothed in listening to the words of Jesus. In the evening she felt too ill to utter vocal prayer, and desired that those around her might pray for her, adding, "Pray that I may be saved."

On sixth-day afternoon she was in great conflict, wrestling in prayer. "O, gracious God, *do* pardon my sins, *do* let me feel Jesus as *my* Saviour. O save me for Jesus' sake." It was touching and yet comforting to listen to the simplicity and fervency of her petitions; for a God of love was drawing her to himself, through Him who said, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." In the thankful belief that He would in his own time apply the healing balm, and speak peace to the troubled soul, the humble but earnest petition was offered to God, that he

would hear and answer the prayer of the dear child.

A few days elapsed without much direct remark on what had passed ; but it was evident that much was going on within. She received a kind visit from a Friend, who addressed her as a Minister : she appeared pleased, and remarked afterwards, "It was very sweet." But her conflicts were still prolonged—she still seemed unable to lay hold of hope. She was encouraged simply to come to Jesus, and to trust herself in his hands. This appeared to comfort her ; and now her prayer was about to be answered, and her longing soul to be satisfied. The Saviour himself drew near and gently whispered to the troubled soul, "Peace, be still." The scene was entirely changed—her countenance beamed with peace, and heavenly joy. She now spoke of her "dear Saviour," and of "going to Him," and of being "so happy." She said "Christ is precious," and repeated two lines of the hymn,

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," &c.

Thus her mourning was turned into joy, and her soul girded with gladness. There was nothing now to contend with except the pains of the body, which she bore throughout with great patience ;

and when the closing scene drew near, she peacefully passed away.

PEACE ! BE STILL.

Lost without Thee—dear Lord,
Lost without Thee;
O'er the wild waves I ride
Whitening life's sea.

Round my poor vessel, Lord,
Sings the rude blast;
Trembling, I clasp my hands,
Still and aghast.

Tender and loving, Lord,
Come o'er the sea;
Walk the dark waters wild;
O succour me !

Hush ! 'tis the voice of peace
Steals on mine ear;
Heard through the wailing wind,
Soul-felt and clear.

Ceases the lightning's gleam,
Yes, yes, 'tis He;
Bearing the lamp of love
O'er the calmed sea.

Saviour, the storms are laid,
Sheltered and blest,
Ever of Thee I'll sing,
Ark of my rest.

ELIZABETH LATCHMORE, 31 7 6 mo. 1861
Northampton. Daughter of Edward and Sarah
Latchmore.

ANN LEEF,

55 10 3 mo. 1861

Huddersfield. Wife of William Leef.

The faith and the patience of the humble Christian were instructively exhibited by the subject of this brief notice, under circumstances of peculiar and long protracted trial. In the earlier part of her life she resided eleven years at the Retreat, near York, first as domestic assistant and afterwards as nurse, faithfully discharging her duties to the afflicted, by day and by night. On one occasion, whilst thus engagd, she received so severe an injury from a patient under her care, as to render her subject to great suffering to the close of her life, for nearly thirty years.

Her complaints were of such a nature, and produced so much irritation of the nervous system, accompanied with severe pain, that she was seldom able to go to meeting. This she felt to be a great privation; but when sometimes the strong desire to unite with her friends in the public worship of God induced her to do so, the effort generally occasioned increased suffering. Permitted to feel that impossibilities are not required, she meekly submitted to her lot, and could make the thankful acknowledgment to her husband, on his return home, "I never feel

lonely—I have felt so comfortable and peaceful, I have quite enjoyed it; but what a privilege it would be to be *able* to go to meeting.”

Her afflictions drew forth the kind sympathy of her friends towards her, and to these many a lesson of practical piety was afforded by the manner in which she was enabled to bear her trials, in humble dependence upon Him whom she had long known to be her stronghold in the time of trouble. With so much Christian resignation and cheerfulness were all her sufferings endured, that her always neat fireside was quite a place of attraction to many of her friends, where she was ready to enter into *their* cares and trials with sympathizing kindness, not withholding the friendly word of counsel when she thought it was needed.

In the autumn of 1860 she made a great effort to attend the Quarterly Meeting at Leeds, which she felt to be a time of much spiritual refreshment and comfort. The exertion was, however, too much for her weak frame; she became much worse, and was afterwards wholly confined to the house, and, with very little intermission, to her bed.

After passing a very suffering night, a few weeks later, A. L. remarked: “I have such a

good and kind heavenly Father ; O, if I had but been as good a servant to Him as he is now kind to me ! but I have been so rebellious. These stiff necks, they have to be brought under the yoke." Her trust was, however, humbly placed in Jesus ; and she said that in extreme suffering during the night, she had prayed for a little help, and in a few minutes she found a mitigation of her pain ; adding : " O, to think how he now stands by me."

To two friends who called to see her some weeks after, she spoke of the many anxieties through which she had passed, but " now," she said, " all care is removed, all anxiety taken away"—she could now " leave all."

To another friend she expressed her gratitude for the words of consolation that had been offered, and spoke of the gracious manner in which she was sustained, and how beautifully she was provided for. Alluding, with much affection, to her dear husband, she intimated that she had endeavoured to cast *that* care also upon her heavenly Father, and that by degrees he had been enabled to do so ; adding : " How gently I am dealt with."

She was not, however, without her seasons of discouragement and conflict, and sometimes ready

to fear lest she should murmur. Yet, enabled again to say, "Not my will but Thine be done," she exclaimed, "How thankful I ought to be that I have One who is able to rebuke the enemy." She was comforted in the remembrance that even the blessed Saviour was tempted; and alluded instructively to the case of Job—how he suffered, and yet was meek and patient throughout. "So," she said, "I lie pondering on these things." Being reminded that "whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth;" she said, with much emphasis: "Ah, that is one of my greatest consolations."

Thus, having passed through many tribulations, and affording good ground for the belief that her garments were washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, she was enabled to hold fast the beginning of her confidence unto the end, and with some of her last words to express her "thankfulness," in being permitted to feel the "comfort" of the Christian's hope, which, in every situation of life, ever continues to be the anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.

ELIZABETH LEIGH, 48 5 8 mo. 1861

Liverpool. Widow of Joseph Leigh.

ELIZABETH LIDBETTER, 72 24 4 mo. 1861

Southwick, Brighton. Widow of Aaron Lidbetter.

ANNA LUCAS,	56	27	1 mo.	1861
<i>Wandsworth.</i> Wife of Edmund Lucas.				
WILLIAM LUCAS, <i>Hitchin.</i>	56	29	1 mo.	1861
ELIZABETH LUSCOMBE,	72	15	6 mo.	1861
<i>Plymouth.</i> Wife of Thomas Luscombe.				
MARY ANN MADDOCK,	69	6	8 mo.	1861
<i>Wandsworth.</i>				
SUSANNA MARRIAGE,	68	24	3 mo.	1861
<i>Chelmsford.</i>				
ESTHER MASON,	81	26	11 mo.	1860
<i>Eamont Bridge, Strickland, Westmoreland.</i>				
Widow of John Mason.				
ROBERT MASON,	81	1	5 mo.	1861
<i>New Lanark, Scotland.</i>				

This Friend was a native of Lancaster, and was brought up a Roman Catholic. When he had attained to years of understanding he became, however, dissatisfied with the religion of his education, and frequented the places of worship of various denominations, but without obtaining that satisfaction in regard to Christian truth which he longed for. Whilst yet a young man he attended a meeting of the Society of Friends at Lancaster, which happened, on that occasion, to be a silent one; his mind was, nevertheless, brought into much tenderness, and the religious convictions with which he was favoured led to his renouncing the

errors of Popery. He now believed it to be his duty to embrace the Christian principles held by Friends, and to exemplify in his practice their testimony to plainness of speech, apparel and behaviour. In consequence of this he was dismissed from the situation he then held; and soon after, (about the year 1801) removed to New Lanark, where he continued to reside till the close of his life.

Some time after settling there he was introduced to Friends at Edinburgh, and very soon became an occasional attender of their meetings. In 1814 he applied for, and was received into membership. Though residing about thirty miles from any settled meeting, he continued till within the last three or four years, when the infirmities of age prevented, frequently to attend the meetings of Friends both at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and when at home, he regularly kept up a meeting in his own house, though he rarely had any one to sit with him.

Having himself felt the preciousness of Christ, he was zealous for the truth as it is in Him, and very diligent in distributing tracts and other religious publications, both in his own neighbourhood and when travelling. His long life of upright walking, and Christian consistency of conduct, obtained for him not only the regard of his fellow-

members, but the sincere respect and esteem of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

ANN MAY, 63 12 12 mo. 1860

Islington, London. Widow of Charles May.

WILLIAM MILLER, 76 2 3 mo. 1861

Birmingham.

HANNAH MILLNER, 74 15 11 mo. 1860

Mountmelick.

JOHN PHILIP MILNER, 56 8 1 mo. 1861

Stockport. A Minister.

Though the watchful and circumspect walk of this dear friend, both as a Christian man and a Minister of the Gospel, will be fresh in the memory of those who were personally acquainted with him, a few particulars respecting him may not be unacceptable to many of the readers of the *Annual Monitor*.

He was the son of Thomas and Ann Milner, of Liverpool, and was born there on the 15th of Fourth month, 1804. His father died when J. P. M. was about three years of age, leaving a widow and three children, of whom he was the eldest. At this period, the family were not connected with our religious Society, but not very long afterwards his mother was admitted into membership on the ground of conviction. It appears to have been her earnest endeavour to train up her children in

the fear of the Lord, and in accordance with the Christian principles she had adopted; and there is reason to believe that He who is "the Judge of the widow and the Father of the fatherless" did bless her labour of love.

Under the pious care of his surviving parent, J. P. M. seems to have been very early made sensible of the visitations of Divine love, and brought into much tenderness under the work of the Holy Spirit in his own heart. While at Ackworth School he was often drawn to seek after solitary places where he might commune with his heavenly Father and pour out his prayers to him; and not only was he thus early led to acquaint himself with God, that he might find peace with him through Jesus Christ, but he felt much concerned also for the best welfare of his school-fellows, so that he sometimes drew them aside to manifest his interest and love towards them, by the expression of a word of encouragement, or of caution and counsel. Even at this early date, it appears that his spiritual exercises in our religious meetings were often of a kind that indicated an early preparation for the service of the Gospel, though he had not strength to give utterance to his feelings. It would not be easy to say to what extent this suppression of what he felt was the

means of abating his religious fervour, and of occasioning that declension in his Christian course which he had to lament after leaving school, in 1818. Whilst all premature and unauthorised offerings should be carefully avoided, simple faithfulness even to very early convictions of duty is doubtless a matter of great importance to individual growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the want of it may often retard the work of the Lord, even when it is not permitted wholly to set it aside. In the case of J. P. M., it appears that it was not long before he was favoured with a revival of his first love, and yielding now more fully to the quickening operations of the Holy Spirit, greater steadfastness was the result. After a serious attack of small-pox, in his seventeenth year, he makes the following memorandum: "I have experienced such a precious season of Divine consolation as I think I never had before. His blessed presence has indeed been my support. I have been led to see the great uncertainty of time; and may I so live, that when called hence, I may be prepared to die."

On commencing business he does not appear to have been forgetful of the injunction to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but

thus records his feelings: "Eleventh month, 25th, 1827. This day, in conjunction with my brother, I entered on my new concern, and I have believed that if I pursue my best interest, while I strive for an honest livelihood, Jacob's God will provide me with food and raiment, and lead me graciously along." Though his course in the pursuit of temporal concerns was by no means free from seasons of anxiety, and some of his pleasant pictures were spoiled, yet the gracious words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," were remarkably confirmed to him, through life.

He was married in 1833, to Mary Alsop, daughter of Robert and Phœbe Alsop, of Maldon, in Essex. Not long after this he was brought into conflict of mind in reference to the work of the ministry, to which he believed himself called; and earnestly besought the Lord for guidance and help. These were not withheld in the time of need, and he was enabled to surrender himself to the service of God in the gospel of his dear Son. Having made satisfactory "proof of his ministry" for some years, he was in due time recorded as an acknowledged minister by his Monthly Meeting; and in that character he was afterwards repeatedly engaged to visit, in gospel love, the

meetings of Friends in several parts of England, as well as in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and in Scotland and Ireland. In the exercise of his gift he was careful to wait for the renewed putting forth and anointing of the Holy Spirit, diligently labouring for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause, wherever he felt himself called in the service of his Lord.

At home, he was a lover of hospitality, and tenderly attached to his brethren, and, when concerned to extend the word of counsel or encouragement, he acted in the spirit of love and meekness, as one who felt that he was himself encompassed with infirmities.

In the spring of 1858 his health became considerably enfeebled; he spent some time on the Continent with a view of recruiting his strength, and felt a lively Christian interest on behalf of the little company of Friends in the South of France while tarrying among them; but from this time to his decease he was very much of an invalid. In the course of his gradual decline his cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and the general tone of his feelings and conversation, afforded many lessons of instruction as well as of comfort to his friends; and when prevented from regularly assembling with them for the worship

of God, he manifested his Christian interest and love towards them by several epistolary addresses, expressive of his lively concern for their preservation and advancement in the right way of the Lord.

About three months before his death he removed from Stockport to reside in the warmer and more sheltered locality of Bournemouth, in Hampshire. It was no wonder that he should deeply feel the separation from his former associates in religious intercourse ; and in his last visit to a long known friend, alluding to the trials of life, with evident application to himself, he gently raised his hand and said : “ They will soon be all over, and then, then, bliss unspeakable ! ”

In a letter to another of his friends, dictated about two weeks before his decease, he says : “ Under my infirmity, my thoughts often extend in Christian interest and solicitude towards the dear friends of my own Monthly Meeting, desiring that, through individual faithfulness and diligence, the day’s work with them may keep pace with the day, and that they may become as a compact city builded by the Lord, and be enabled to take sweet counsel together in the precious fellowship of the Gospel. I cannot doubt that discouragements to dear concerned friends may at times cause

the hands to hang down; but I would desire for such that they may remember that the day is soon gone, and the night cometh, and therefore the great necessity to mind the sacred injunction: 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' "

In the prospect of his final change, he said, "he could commend those most dear to him to the preserving care, the guiding and sustaining grace of his dear Redeemer; and, as to himself, although sensible of many omissions and of unfaithfulness, he believed his transgressions were forgiven, and that he should be received into one of the many mansions which his dear Lord had gone before to prepare."

On a subsequent occasion, when retiring for the night, being much exhausted and unequal to hear the Scriptures read, he remarked to those about him, "Prize your privileges while you have them and diligently use them while you have time and strength." On another occasion he said, in much tenderness, that he had realized the promise which his Heavenly Father had given him before leaving Stockport, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." At another time he said, "A Saviour and Redeemer! I trust he will gather me with his everlasting arm! I have committed all that I have to the Lord, feeling

assured that He who hath been with me all my life long, will enable me to bear all that He may see meet to lay upon me. I have from early life sought the Lord, and have found him to be with me through many trials, and I am thankful that now in my sickness I have not to feel the poignancy of a wounded conscience or a troubled spirit."

A few days before he died he exclaimed: "Patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer, rejoicing in hope:" adding, "and it is a glorious hope." On the day preceding his close, after alluding to the sufferings of Job, and the patience with which he was enabled to bear them, he repeated the language, "Wearisome days and nights hast thou allotted me." His dear wife observed, "But there will be rest in the end." He replied, "I have been supported;" and added: "I have nothing to claim at the hand of my heavenly Father; but through his unmerited mercy, and the mediation of my Lord and Saviour, I have an humble trust that I shall be safely gathered." And so it came to pass: waiting for the coming of his Lord, he was doubtless permitted to realize the "glorious hope," which sustained him in life and in death.

SARAH JANE MORTON, 21 30 10 mo. 1860
Wicklow, Ireland. Daughter of Joseph and
Jane Morton.

JOSEPH MOTLEY,	72	23	2 mo.	1861
<i>Street, Somerset. An Elder.</i>				
MARY MULLETT,	76	9	2 mo.	1861
<i>Weston Super Mare. Widow of Israel Mullett.</i>				
MARY MULLIN,	50	15	12 mo.	1860
<i>Dundrum, Ireland. Wife of John Mullin.</i>				
ARTHUR MASON, <i>Waterford.</i>	49	31	8 mo.	1861
ISHMAEL NASH,	75	17	5 mo.	1861
<i>Gorton, near Manchester.</i>				
SARAH NEALE,	69	19	1 mo.	1861
<i>Kilmoney, Rathangan.</i>				
EMILY NEAVE,	20	5	3 mo.	1861
<i>Fordingbridge. Daughter of Josiah Neave.</i>				
SARAH NEVILLE,	72	20	3 mo.	1861
<i>Clonmel. Widow of William Neville.</i>				
JOHN NICHOLSON,	73	14	11 mo.	1860
<i>Taul Bridge, near Richhill, Ireland.</i>				
ELIZABETH O'BRIEN,	29	2	5 mo.	1861
<i>Sea Park, Belfast. Daughter of Daniel and Mary O'Brien.</i>				
MARY ANN ORMSTON,	76	13	12 mo.	1860
<i>Newcastle-upon-Tyne.</i>				
PRISCILLA OXLEY,	9	13	2 mo.	1861
<i>Sudbury. Daughter of John R. Oxley.</i>				
EDWARD OXLEY, <i>Sudbury.</i>	80	31	8 mo.	1861
MARY PADBURY,	97	7	2 mo.	1861
<i>Reading. Widow of Richard Padbury.</i>				

WILLIAM G. PADBURY, 43 9 2 mo. 1861
Painswick.

THOMAS PALIAN, 89 19 1 mo. 1861
Gainsborough.

This dear friend was naturally of a timid and diffident character, and his life afforded striking evidence of the power of Divine grace to uphold amidst manifold trials and weaknesses of the flesh and spirit, when the heart is given up to the Lord in sincerity. The language seems applicable to his case: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit and trembleth at my word."

He was born at Helpringham, near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1771. When a young man, and before he came amongst Friends, he was occasionally overtaken with the sin of intemperance, but being sincerely desirous of overcoming this temptation, he became a total abstainer for one year. There being at that time no Temperance Societies under which to take shelter, the idea of abstaining appears to have been original, and he was never afterwards guilty of excess. Several years previous to his decease he joined the Total Abstinence Society, a cause to which he became much attached.

He was educated in connection with the

“Church of England;” but, not feeling satisfied in that communion, he for a while frequented a dissenting place of worship; still he found not that peace for which his soul longed; and being undecided where to go, he entirely absented himself from public worship, retiring with his Bible into his solitary chamber. One day, while thus engaged, the words, “assemble yourselves,” were deeply impressed upon his mind, and were made the means of arousing him to the duty of uniting with others for the purpose of worshipping Almighty God. About this time, he heard of two women Friends being at Thorne, the place where he then resided. He felt disposed to attend their meeting, and was much affected under the ministry of Elizabeth Coggeshall. The *serious* perusal of the life of John Roberts also produced a favourable impression respecting the Society of Friends; and he ultimately believed himself called to join this section of the Christian Church. Having found a more spiritual way, he was desirous of making others acquainted with it, and it is believed that, through his means, his father, brother, and another individual adopted our mode of worship.

His memoranda evince great watchfulness, and fear of coming short of the glory of God. On one occasion, he writes: “I have felt so little lately of

true love, that I fear I have offended, or am too much at ease in Zion; though I think I feel rather more stayed at meetings and in private retirement; at other times I am roving and unstayed, I apprehend more so than most people, though I make many efforts at stayedness of mind."

Eleventh month, 4th, 1852. "I sometimes think none are so weak in keeping their minds stayed at meetings and during other times of retirement. There is nothing to trust to but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

Fifth month, 8th, 1853. "During my sitting this morning I seemed to be favoured with more calmness and sweetness of feeling than usual. As my mind is so prone to wander, it is very consoling and settling when the love of God is uppermost. O that I could feel an increase of it, and be favoured to keep the path where the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err."

Twelfth month, 18th, 1858. "I have attained to eighty-seven years of age to day, and am favoured to be tolerable in health. I sometimes hope I am favoured to grow a little heavenward; at other times I seem going backward, and greatly lament my unstayedness when professing to wait for Divine strength. When I reflect on the many favours I have received from my childhood, and

consider the return I have made, it is very humbling. I fear I am greatly deficient; but I try to trust to the Saviour's mercy."

Up to advanced age he was exemplary in the attendance of meetings, both for worship and discipline; and after he was mostly confined to the house, he made a practice of setting apart those portions of time devoted to public worship, both on First-days and in the middle of the week, to waiting upon God.

Of late years he had much leisure, which he diligently occupied in reading. Beside the sacred volume he took much interest in the perusal of publications devoted to the diffusion of Gospel light, as well as in the temporal welfare of the human family.

Two days before his last illness commenced, in answer to an enquiry after his health, he cheerfully said, "Better than common; I could almost adopt the language of Job Scott: 'Peace like a canopy covers my mind.'"

His illness was short, attended with but little pain; and it is consolingly believed that, through redeeming love and mercy, the spirit which has left its earthly tenement has entered that eternal inheritance which is prepared for all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

BETTY PALMER,	83	27	3 mo. 1861
<i>Claverham, Somerset.</i>			
MARY PALMER, <i>Guernsey.</i>	78	28	3 mo. 1861
HANNAH PAYNE,	69	1	1 mo. 1861
<i>Northampton.</i> Widow of Thomas Payne.			
SARAH PAYNE,	80	24	3 mo. 1861
<i>Epping.</i> Widow of Isaac Payne.			
LOUISA PEASE,	28	12	8 mo. 1861
<i>Middlesborough.</i> Wife of Joseph B. Pease.			
LOVE PEET,	62	13	6 mo. 1861
<i>Rock Villa, Waterford.</i> Wife of William Peet.			
KHARLOTTE PILLAR,	41	27	11 mo. 1860
<i>Dublin.</i> Wife of William Pillar.			
ELIZABETH PIM,	63	11	12 mo. 1860
<i>Wandsworth.</i>			
HENRIETTA POLLARD,	1	15	6 mo. 1861
<i>Leeds.</i> Daughter of Henry L. and Sarah B. Pollard.			
MARY PRIDEAUX,	66	30	8 mo. 1861
<i>Brighton.</i> Widow of George Prideaux.			
ANNA PRIDEAUX,	77	11	9 mo. 1861
<i>Kingsbridge.</i>			
REBECCA PRYER,	74	17	7 mo. 1861
<i>Tottenham.</i> Wife of William Pryer.			
JAMES PRYOR,	68	4	7 mo. 1861
<i>Dunkirk Farm, near Hertford.</i>			

- MARY PUMPHREY, 87 29 4 mo. 1861
Worcester. An Elder. Widow of John Pumphrey.
- JOSIAH PUMPHREY, 78 6 5 mo. 1861
Birmingham.
- ANN PUPLETT, 61 31 8 mo. 1861
Chelmsford. Widow of Daniel Puplett.
- DOROTHY PYE, 83 15 1 mo. 1861
Wyersdale, Lancashire. Wife of Lawrence Pye.
- RACHEL RALEIGH, 68 1 9 mo. 1860
South Yarrow, Melbourne, Australia.
- HENRY RANSOME, *York.* 74 23 3 mo. 1861
- ELIZA F. RATTENBURY, 70 27 1 mo. 1861
Plymouth.
- ANN READ, 89 3 2 mo. 1861
Stoke Newington.
- ELIZABETH REED, 32 22 11 mo. 1860
London. Wife of William C. Reed.
- KATHERINE J. RICHARDSON, 10 29 11 mo. 1860
Old Forge, Dunmurry, Lisburn. Daughter of Joshua P. and Susan L. Richardson.
- HOWARD RICHARDSON, 6 5 12 mo. 1860
Old Forge, Dunmurry, Lisburn. Son of Joshua P. and Susan L. Richardson.
- SARAH RICHARDSON, 80 15 2 mo. 1861
Chelmsford. An Elder. Widow of Richard Richardson.

- HANNAH RICHARDSON, 79 19 3 mo. 1861
North Shields. An Elder.
- CHARLOTTE E. RICHARDSON, 16 11 8 mo. 1861
Trew Mount, Grange, Co. Tyrone. Daughter
 of James G. and Charlotte Richardson.
- ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, 83 12 8 mo. 1861
North Shields.
- HARRIET ROBINSON, 62 14 10 mo. 1860
Liverpool. Widow of William I. Robinson.
- HANNAH ROBINSON, 38 26 10 mo. 1860
Berkhampstead. Wife of Joseph Robinson.
- JAMES ROBINSON, 82 2 1 mo. 1861
Stoke Hill, Leominster.
- ISABELLA ROBINSON, 64 6 2 mo. 1861
Cockermouth.
- MARY JANE ROOKE, 1 19 7 mo. 1861
Cheetham, Manchester. Daughter of George
 and Elizabeth Rooke.
- WILLIAM ROSLING, 25 14 12 mo. 1860
Reigate. Son of Alfred and Rachel Rosling.
- HANNAH ROUTH, 72 24 12 mo. 1860
Exthorp, near Doncaster. An Elder. Widow
 of Samuel Routh.
- JANE RUSSELL, 91 18 2 mo. 1861
Moate, Ireland.
- JANE SANDERS, 63 31 10 mo. 1860
Whitby. Widow of Joseph Sanders.

- MICHAEL SATTERTHWAITE, 49 14 9 mo. 1861
M.D. *Lindow Grove, near Wilmslow.*
- GEORGE SAUNDERS, 66 7 7 mo. 1861
Waterford.
- MARTHA SAVILLE, 83 23 11 mo. 1860
Kelvedon, Essex.
- SAMUEL SAWER, 58 1 7 mo. 1861
Leiston, Suffolk.
- LYDIA SCALES, 82 30 5 mo. 1861
Nottingham. Widow of Joshua R. Scales.
- ELIZABETH SCOTT, 79 13 3 mo. 1861
Bloomville, Co. Dublin. Wife of John Scott.
- JOHN SCOTT, *Birmingham.* 72 24 6 mo. 1861
- MARGARET A. SELFE, 83 23 2 mo. 1861
Bristol. Widow of Samuel Selfe.
- ALICE MAUD SEWELL, 1 5 3 mo. 1861
Malton. Daughter of Edward and Sarah Jane Sewell.
- RACHEL SHACKLETON, 15 3 10 mo. 1860
Greece Mount, Ballytore. Daughter of George and Hannah Shackleton.
- HANNAH SIM, 76 13 1 mo. 1861
Birkenhead. Widow of Joseph Sim.
- THOMAS NORTON SIMMS, 17 1 11 mo. 1860
Ilmington. Son of Edward and Ann Simms.

The following short account of a youth who, though early called from time to eternity, gave

comforting evidence that through Divine mercy he was prepared for the awful change, has been furnished for the *Annual Monitor*, in the hope that it may stimulate some of its youthful readers to lose no time in securing an interest in the Saviour.

T. N. S. was the son of Edward and Ann Simms, of Ilmington, in the county of Warwick, and was born on the 5th of the Eighth month, 1843. His disposition was naturally nervous and irritable, so that even from his earliest years he had much to contend with in that respect. In the eleventh year of his age he had a severe attack of scarlatina, and although he appeared at the time to be completely restored, yet it is probable the complaint left in his constitution the seeds of future disease. Very shortly after his recovery he entered Ackworth school. Whilst at that institution he appears to have been diligent and attentive to his school duties; and ever afterwards spoke very feelingly of the kindness of the teachers and other officers of the school towards him. In reference to this portion of his short life he observed, in a letter to one of his brothers, only three days before his death, "I hope R. and H. [two younger brothers still at school] will take all the advantage they

possibly can of the abundant religious instruction that Ackworth school affords. I now have to look back with deep regret on my own inattention on that point,—I do not mean telling lies, or using bad words, but the great sin of living without God,—not praying.” He appeared very particular to keep to the truth in all things, and to think it mean to deceive. Although the good seed sown at Ackworth might in this, as perhaps in many other instances, appear to lie dormant for a season ; yet, there is ground to believe, that it was graciously permitted in due time to spring up, and to bear fruit for eternity; affording encouragement to those who labour in that and similar institutions to “ sow beside all waters.”

In his fourth year at school, he was taken very ill of congestion of the lungs, which obliged him to leave, several months before the expiration of his time, in a very debilitated state. The change to his native air appeared, however, to be the means in great measure of restoring his health; and in the following summer of 1859, he was able to join some others in a tour through Monmouthshire and into Wales, which he greatly enjoyed, walking some days nearly twenty miles, resting occasionally to take sketches of the beauties that were new to him. Yet, in the autumn of the same year, it

became evident that disease was progressing, and in the following spring, it was no longer doubtful what the termination must be. Though naturally very reserved on religious subjects, yet from occasional remarks it was evident that he had long been under the preparing hand of his Heavenly Father. In a letter to his brother he says, "It is a great blessing that I have an illness without pain. I have no pain, but *extreme* weakness. There is no prospect of my ever being much if any better, so I must endeavour to be resigned to go when the Lord shall choose to take me. I only hope I have a place secured to me in his 'house of many mansions.'" During a short excursion with his mother, at the close of the summer of 1860, his strength was rapidly failing. He afterwards, however, adverted to this journey with great interest. Several kind friends had spoken to him very feelingly of the uncertainty of his continuance here, and had manifested a deep interest in his eternal welfare. Of this he spoke very gratefully, appearing to consider it the greatest kindness they could show him. On one occasion he wished that a message of a serious kind, sent to him by an absent friend, should be acknowledged, and remarked, "She is one who cares for me, and I wish my love sent to her."

From this time he continued gradually sinking. On the 31st of Tenth month, he was assisted down stairs as usual, and although he wanted more help than before, yet those about him did not anticipate that his last day had dawned.

A few minutes after tea a sudden change came on ; he seemed instantly aware that it was the last summons ; though its suddenness appeared to excite him for a moment, he quickly recovered his usual calmness, and said to those around him, " I believe this is my last night here." On his mother replying, " I hope, if it is so, it finds thee prepared ;" he quietly replied, " I hope so." It was very difficult for him to speak ; but when he found he was really dying his natural reserve left him, and he let those around him know how happy were his prospects in the coming change. At one time the 23rd Psalm was referred to, when he immediately began it and joined in with it to the end. Raising his voice, and looking solemnly round, he said, " Do you know what *for ever* means ?" Then, as if anxious to be understood, he said, " It means to dwell in *never ending* bliss, or *never ending* misery and woe. Oh, *never ending* misery and woe !" Soon after, in allusion to his physical sufferings, he said, " This is hard work."

A hope being expressed that the Saviour was near to sustain him, he quickly replied, "O yes, He is gone before—He died for me—for *me*!" and looking round, he added: "For all—for *all*." He then repeated the Saviour's words: "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c., and said: "He is gone before to prepare a place for me—for *me*." Soon after great bodily restlessness came on. His mother having, at his own request, changed his position, he turned a look of grateful love towards her, and his spirit was freed from its suffering tabernacle, to join, it is humbly trusted, the company of the redeemed in heaven.

MARY SIMONS, 69 9 9 mo. 1861

Ifield. Wife of John Simons.

GEORGE SLADE, 57 9 6 mo. 1861

Adderbury, Oxon. A Minister.

ELIZA SMITH, 1 19 10 mo. 1860

Middlesborough. Daughter of Thomas and Ann Smith.

ELIZABETH SMITH, 84 24 6 mo. 1861

Gosfield, Halstead, Essex. Widow of Peter Smith.

THOMAS SOUTHALL, 66 12 1 mo. 1861

Birmingham. An Elder.

ELIZA SPORLE, *Sheffield.* 58 23 3 mo. 1861

LYDIA SPARKES, 75 25 11 mo. 1860

Ackworth. Widow of Thomas T. Sparkes.

FRANCIS H. SPARKES, 8 19 2 mo. 1861
Exeter. Son of Thomas and Esther Maria Sparkes.

SARAH SQUIRE, 77 6 10 mo. 1860
Reading. A Minister. Widow of Lovell Squire.

Sarah Squire was the daughter of John and Sarah Brown, of Earith, Huntingdonshire, where she was born in 1783. In 1806 she was married to Lovell Squire, of the same place, and continued to reside there till seven years after the decease of her husband, which occurred in 1837. The following eight years were passed in Essex; and during the remainder of her life she resided at Reading.

An humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, she appears to have yielded her heart early to the restraints of the Holy Spirit, and though for a long time under much depression, occasioned in part by a want of entire faithfulness—the light within her shone brighter and brighter, till at length it became more clearly manifest to those around her; and many seeing her good works glorified their Father in heaven. The following are extracted from her earlier memoranda:

Sixth month, 17th, 1804. “The consideration of the many privileges which beyond many I

enjoy, raises at times the language, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all these favours?' May a willing obedience to every manifestation of duty, and a patient resignation to his holy will under every allotment, be my daily concern to strive after; and then, though trials may and will attend, I believe preservation will be afforded."

Eighth month, 16th, 1804. "My mind has passed through a season of conflict, attended with a sense of poverty, yet I have had to believe the Great Master's care is still extended; were it not for this secret belief which at times I am favoured to feel, I should sink under various discouragements. Surely then, there is cause thankfully to acknowledge his goodness. O, may I be favoured to witness the blessing of preservation, that so I may not bring dishonour on the great cause of truth."

Third month, 21st, 1806. "I have not been faithful to the little manifestations of duty; yet it is a favour to feel the rod, and a disposition of mind wherein the language is raised: 'I will bear thy indignation, because I have sinned against Thee!' O Lord, strengthen me that I may walk consistently before Thee, and patiently bear every dispensation of thy holy hand."

Some years later, on recovering from a severe

illness, during which she had been confined to bed for several months she writes :—

First month, 4th, 1810. “ The prospect of eternity looked exceedingly awful, and I felt I was not enough refined to enter the kingdom where nothing that is impure can ever find admittance. What troubled me most was, letting my mind be too much off its guard when in religious meetings. O may I be more careful if favoured with the restoration of health, and serve my Creator with unremitting diligence ! There is a great necessity for watching over our thoughts out of meetings as well as in meetings, that so we may go to meeting in a rightly prepared frame of mind. I think this illness has been a season of deep instruction ; I pray that this may be lasting.”

Thus disciplined under the sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit, and prepared to resign herself more fully to the service of Christ, she believed herself called to bear the message of his redeeming love to others, and, a short time before her mouth was first opened in our religious meetings, she writes :—

Eighth month, 2nd, 1818. “ Many and varied have been the seasons of conflict that have of late been my portion, and the prospect that has been opened before me of publicly espousing the good

cause, has occasioned many deep plungings. O may I be rightly directed! The fear of man is very enslaving."

In the Third month, 1820, Sarah Squire was recorded as a minister with the cordial unity of her friends; and from this time forward, she was largely engaged in religious service, both within our Society and beyond its borders, seldom resting long from her labours till the time of her final rest in heaven. Her religious intercourse with those not of our Society was not confined to public meetings, but included numerous visits to the inmates of almshouses, workhouses, and prisons. In all these varied services, a conscientious discharge of apprehended duty formed a prominent and instructive part of her Christian character. With the concurrence of her friends, she visited, more than once, most of the Quarterly and other meetings in Great Britain and Ireland. She also paid visits to the inhabitants of the Channel Islands, and to those of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. Her visit to these latter islands, in 1835, was one of peculiar interest. The simplicity of the inhabitants, their poverty, and the distress to which in unfavourable seasons they are often exposed, expanded her heart in love towards them, and seemed to open theirs also to receive from her

the simple truths and sweet promises of the Gospel. The little missionary band was received with much openness by the ministers as well as the people. Thirty-two meetings for worship were held, the kirks and chapels being not only willingly lent, but often spontaneously offered—the clergyman sometimes giving notice of the meeting, and attending it himself. With some of these liberal-minded ministers Sarah Squire maintained afterwards a friendly correspondence, and through them was often enabled, in times of destitution, to minister to the wants of the poor Shetlanders. To the close of her life she continued to exert herself in many ways, and to interest others, on their behalf.

We resume a few extracts from her memoranda:—

Eleventh month, 20th, 1820. “O that it may please Him, who knoweth the inmost secrets of the heart, to lead me in a plain path because of my spiritual enemies, and give me clearly to see the pointings of duty, and more willingness to yield thereto.”

Twelfth month, 27th, 1820. “O Lord, grant that I may, indeed, be humbly dependent upon thee from day to day, that I may experience thy power to redeem me from those things which obstruct thy work in my heart!”

Fourth month, 22nd, 1821. "I have been out nearly two weeks with my dear and valued friend, Sarah Bleckly, who has been engaged in holding public meetings, and visiting friends in this Quarterly Meeting. [Cambridge and Huntingdon Q. M.] We were permitted to have a comfortable parting, feeling a little of that to unite us which is better than any temporal enjoyment. The desire was felt, and the petition put up, for preservation in the Divine fear; may it be experienced, is the desire of my heart. Whilst I long thankfully to remember the goodness of the Almighty, in granting the belief that I was so far in my right allotment, and to give me to feel at times a little of his gracious condescension; yet at other seasons has my poor mind been much tried with the buffetings of the unwearied enemy. O that I were more watchful, more circumspect! I long for an increase of watchfulness, being sensible that I sustain loss through not being, as it were, enough on the watch-tower. * * This has been a day of close trial; hesitated too long in the afternoon, and lost my strength, but am afraid lest I should be tempted to move in the willingness or runnings of the creature. O Lord, preserve me on this hand, I pray thee: enable me patiently to wait upon Thee for the discoveries

of thy holy will. O, may I be strengthened to be faithful thereto !”

Fifth month, 30th, 1822. “ Many and various have been my conflicts, and many the causes of discouragement from within and from without, so that I may truly say, ‘ all thy waves and thy billows pass over me.’ I long to know an increase of faith and resignation, and to be thoroughly cleansed from that which opposes the Divine will. May patience have its perfect work ! May my soul be preserved from fainting, that I may, in a time to come, be enabled to magnify the adorable name of Him whose way is described as in the whirlwind, and the clouds as the dust of his feet.”

Third month, 31st, 1837. “ On the 23rd inst. I left home to visit the meetings of Friends in Lincolnshire, the prospect of which had at times sunk me very low. I believe that nothing but an endeavour to be simply obedient to the Great Master will find acceptance with Him : there must be no reserve. O how I sometimes long after a state of more perfect resignation, and a willingness to appear even as a fool for Christ’s sake !”

In her early memoranda (from which only a few extracts have been given) she often touchingly

records her earnest, prayerful pleadings for "more patience—more faithfulness." Possibly these deep exercises of mind, together with many outward trials, contributed to develope in her that largeness of sympathy and depth of feeling which were so conspicuous in her ministry, and in her Christian intercourse with others. She was often found by the bedside of the sick, and especially of the indigent. In the village where she spent her maturer as well as her earlier years, to some extent also in the places where she afterwards resided, but especially in the Shetland cottage, she is still spoken of as the humble, loving disciple of Him who went about doing good. Though possessing but a limited income, she gave liberally according to her means; and she was often made the channel through which flowed the contributions of others to those on whose behalf she appealed.

It is to be regretted that, during the last thirty years of her life, she made very few memoranda that have been preserved. These years were marked by many changes and trials. The death of her youngest son in the 20th year of his age and of her husband a few years later, were amongst these sore chastenings; but she recognised a lesson of mercy in every bitter cup. The

decease of her only unmarried daughter, who was the cheering companion of her widowhood, left her lonely and sorrowing, often greatly depressed, but through all clinging to Him who forsaketh not the desolate and afflicted.

On attaining her 70th year, she writes :

Seventh month, 6th, 1853. "This morning I have completed seventy years—the age of man. What may remain is only known to Him who numbers the days of existence on this earth, and who, when he sees meet, will say, 'It is enough.' I desire to acknowledge, with thankfulness, that goodness and mercy amidst very deep and sore trials have continued to follow me ; and now, if the remnant of my days may, through Divine grace, be passed to the honour of His name whom I desire to love above all, I may humbly hope, through boundless mercy, I shall not be forsaken at the last."

The following is the last memorandum that has been met with.

Fifth month, 31st, 1855. "The Yearly Meeting hitherto has been much a time of the renewed extension of heavenly love, calling for the return of humble gratitude to a merciful heavenly Father. How I long to be more devoted ! Were it not that I remember we have a holy High Priest,

who is touched with the feeling of our manifold infirmities, I should sink almost below hope. The cruel adversary tries me with unsettlement by the intrusion of many thoughts when I want to be still. O may faith be increased, and true submission realized, through Divine grace, to bear even this besetment with patience until the Divine power is exalted over all, and until, through the redeeming love of a compassionate Saviour, ability is received to adopt the language, 'I am more than a conqueror through Him who hath loved me;' but I am so truly, so very unworthy, that when favoured with even a good desire, I feel it is cause for reverent and humble thankfulness."

Always of a weak constitution, she was not unfrequently prevented by indisposition from active service; but it was often surprising to others how quickly and devotedly she resumed her work in the ministry. For upwards of forty years she had been a diligent "servant of the church," when the Lord was pleased suddenly to remove her to the mansion which He had prepared for her.

Whilst engaged in a religious visit to Friends in Ireland, in 1857, she had a serious attack of congestion of the brain, and was for several days

alarmingly ill. From the effects of this illness she probably never recovered. In the autumn of 1860, she appeared to derive benefit from a short visit to Tunbridge Wells and Hastings. In the beginning of the Tenth month, she became more unwell, but not so as to excite alarm. On the 6th of that month, whilst conversing cheerfully with a friend who had called to see her, the rupture of a blood vessel of the heart caused her almost instant dissolution; and the chastened handmaid of the Lord slept peacefully in Jesus.

CATHERINE STACKHOUSE, 6 7 2 mo. 1861

London. Daughter of Joseph F. and Lucy Stackhouse.

FREDERICK W. STACKHOUSE, 4 5 3 mo. 1861

London. Son of Joseph F. and Lucy Stackhouse.

JOSEPH FOSTER STACKHOUSE, 46 8 3 mo. 1861

London.

WILLIAM STANLEY, 78 12 3 mo. 1861

Horschay, Coalbrookdale.

JOHN STANLEY, *Stourbridge.* 81 17 8 mo. 1861

GEORGE STEARS, 19 24 4 mo. 1861

Hull. Son of William M. Stears.

SAMUEL STEARS, 25 1 5 mo. 1861

Hull. Son of William M. Stears.

JONATHAN STEELE, 57 19 4 mo. 1861

Poole, Dorset.

SARAH ELIZA STICKNEY, 23 14 12 mo. 1860

Hull. Daughter of Joseph and Eliza Stickney.

SARAH STRANGMAN, 66 16 12 mo. 1860

Glenam, near Clonmel.

MARY DARBY STURGE, 55 21 8 mo. 1861

Birmingham. Wife of Charles Sturge.

DANIEL SUMNER, 87 11 12 mo. 1860

Morley, Cheshire.

RICHARD ECROYD TATHAM, 22 17 2 mo. 1861

Settle. Son of John and Susanna Tatham.

On leaving school, R. E. T. spent four years at home in his father's business. In the Eleventh month, 1857, he removed to York, and was engaged in the employ of our late dear friend, Joseph Rowntree. At this period of his life, although there were no signs of a decided change of heart, yet earnest desires appear to have been raised in him, that he might be preserved amidst the powerful temptations incident to his new position in city-life.

On settling at York, he began to assist in the First-day school established there. This was to him at first not a willing but an irksome service. Only a few months past over before there was evidence of a change in this respect, accompanied with, or rather the result of, a work of Divine grace progressing in his own heart. His teaching

then became a real, earnest work, and his pupils objects of especial interest.

We have but few way-marks whereby to trace his steps to his heavenly home. Some occasional memoranda made between the Fifth and the Eleventh month, 1859, are all that remain in the way of journal. They appear to be designed as aids to daily self-examination, watchfulness and prayer. In some of these simple entries desires are expressed for "a more constant spirit of prayer;" for "less of selfishness and more of self-denial;" "for meekness,—for a pure heart,—for simple child-like faith." "Not to repine over past sins, but to look to Jesus for present and future sustentation." "In every little doubt and trouble to run to Jesus." In a memorandum made in the Tenth month, 1859, he prays that "all his self-righteousness may be swept away."

He finally left York in the beginning of the year 1860. He had for some months contemplated forming a First-day school and a Bible-class when again settled at home. A parting interview with his beloved master, Joseph Rowntree, who died in the Eleventh month, 1859, encouraged and strengthened R. E. T. in this intention. Our space will not permit us to follow our young friend in the successful accomplishment of his

purpose : we may refer our readers to a narrative of his labours in this direction, recently published, and of which we have been permitted to make use in this brief memoir.

Frequent and fervent prayer in private, as well as with his class, were peculiar characteristics of his procedure in this undertaking, and a large measure of success was granted to him and his two youthful coadjutors.

But it was not in this department of service alone that R. E. T. found openings. The spiritual destitution of a district near his home attracted his attention. He committed to paper his thoughts on the subject. The result was a little tract, entitled, "Do you attend Public Worship." It has been adopted by York Friends' Tract Association. Shortly after it was printed, R. E. T., accompanied by his brother, availing themselves of a holiday, in a walk of about eight miles distributed a considerable number of these little messengers.

In the Sixth month of 1860, having taken cold, some constitutional tendencies to disease were manifested in R. E. T., and though partially restored from this attack of indisposition, he never fully regained his usual health. In the Eleventh month, another attack of illness confined him for

some weeks to bed. Writing to a friend from his sick-room, he says, "I cannot tell thee, dear friend, how often I have had to feel thankful that the work of preparation or of seeking Christ had not been left for a bed of sickness."

A little restoration in the First month, 1861, led to the hope that residence in the south for a few months, might lead to a still larger measure of health, and that a life so dear to his friends, and so useful to a large circle of his fellow-townsmen, and the members of the First-day school, might be prolonged. Previously to commencing his journey, he paid what proved to be a parting visit to his beloved brother and sister at York, and to others there who loved him well.

From York, he went to visit his uncle and aunt at Lomeshaye. On the 14th of Second month, he addressed a letter to the men of his Sabbath Class at Settle. In it he remarks on the number of recent deaths:—"These," he says, "ought to make the most careless of us give heed to the warning of our blessed Lord, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' How much happier must those be, and how much more must they enjoy life who are able to look forward to that solemn time without fear, knowing that their sins are forgiven them

for His name's sake, who loved us and gave himself for us,—only they can say with David, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'” Little did our dear young friend deem that he was on the very slope leading down to that valley, happily not dark to him.

On Sixth-day, the 15th, he once more, and for the last time, employed his pen. It was for a beloved friend, an old schoolfellow. The following extract will show how love for his divine Master and his Master's service, had the uppermost place in his heart.

“ I often think what a blessed thing it would be if several of us young Friends were to devote ourselves to the foreign mission work. ‘Look around you and behold that the fields are white to the harvest, but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into his harvest.’ Must not *we*, while praying that labourers may by Him be raised up, fitted, and sent forth, be ourselves willing to yield ourselves to the call, and even pray God that, if He saw meet, He would send us forth ‘to preach the cross in the regions beyond.’ Do not the words ‘go ye’ apply to us as well as to the disciples? I think I could rejoice to go forth

'called of God,' when His own time was come ; but do, my dear friend, tell me thy thoughts and feelings on this vitally important subject. 'Then they that loved the Lord spake often one to another.' 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold more in this present time, and shall inherit everlasting life.' Is it not a glorious promise ?"

On the evening of this day he became more unwell. The following day he was worse. Medical skill and the tenderest care of loving relatives availed not to arrest the progress of disease. On the morning of the 17th his aunt, who had watched over him during his last night of suffering, whispered to the departing spirit, "we think thou art soon going to Jesus." With a look of surprise and heavenly joy, he responded, "Am I going?" Then clasping his hands, added, "O blessed Jesus !" The name of his Saviour was the last sweet sound that escaped his lips. An expression of unspeakable happiness irradiated his countenance, and left its impress there, even when his emancipated and ransomed spirit had entered that city, none of whose inhabitants shall ever say, "I am sick;" and the people that dwell therein are forgiven their iniquities.

So rapid was the progress of illness, that his tenderly beloved mother did not arrive till the spirit of her darling son had passed away.

His remains were removed to his father's house at Settle, and on the morning of the 22nd, were borne by relays of the men of his Sabbath Class to their last quiet resting place, close by the scene of his faithful First-day labours.

We conclude our brief narrative in the language of the memoir to which we have already referred. "To some, long years of earthly service are appointed by their Lord; sustained by his grace, from year to year, they proclaim to their fellow-sinners the good tidings of reconciliation, pardon, and peace through the blood of the Cross, till at last, 'they come to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.' To others, as with our beloved R. E. T., it is permitted to preach by early dedication and early death; and by these, he 'being dead, yet speaketh.' To us who remain a little longer, the watch-words are; 'Occupy till I come.' 'Work while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work.' 'Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.'"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,

31 18 11 mo. 1860

Brighton. Wife of Frederic Taylor.

ELIZABETH TENNANT,	79	29	9 mo.	1861
<i>Kendal.</i> Widow of John Tennant.				
MARIA THOMAS,	73	26	1 mo.	1861
<i>Brislington, near Bristol.</i>				
JOSEPH THOMPSON,	82	24	9 mo.	1860
<i>Kilpike, Moyallen.</i>				
ANN THOMPSON,	33	10	3 mo.	1861
<i>Evesham.</i> Daughter of I. and M. Thompson.				
GEORGE THOMPSON, <i>Belfast,</i>	56	13	12 mo.	1860
THOMAS THOMPSON,	85	14	3 mo.	1861
<i>Birkenhead.</i> An Elder.				
SARAH THOMPSON,	68	26	4 mo.	1861
<i>Rawden, near Leeds.</i> Widow of Henry Thompson.				
JAMES THOMPSON,	75	20	6 mo.	1861
<i>Rawden, near Leeds.</i>				
REBECCA TILNEY,	61	7	6 mo.	1861
<i>Springfield, Chelmsford.</i>				
ELIZABETH TOLERTON,	28	17	7 mo.	1861
<i>Dublin.</i> Daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Tolerton.				
MATTHEW TOSTEVIN,	74	18	5 mo.	1861
<i>Guernsey.</i>				
CHARLES TOWNSON,	11	10	12 mo.	1860
<i>Liverpool.</i> Son of Benjamin and Mary Townson.				
JOSEPH TRICKETT, <i>Chester.</i>	83	19	7 mo.	1861

SAMUEL EDMONDS TUCKETT, 24 19 9 mo. 1861
Frenchay. Son of Phillip D. and Anna
Tuckett.

The decease of this beloved young friend affords another instance of the uncertainty of life. Although his health had been repeatedly interrupted for several years, so little was any root of organic disease known or suspected, that he entered into business with every prospect of long continuance, and successfully carried it on for nearly two years, when he was suddenly attacked by illness, which soon settled into severe inflammation of the left kidney; suppuration followed and occasioned the most excruciating pains—for a long time he could not turn to either side, but lay patiently day and night in one position. A water-bed or mattress proved a very valuable means of alleviation, and with little intermission he remained upon it throughout most of his long illness of nearly eighteen months.

He remembered that in 1855 a horse he was riding had reared and fallen over—he was hurt at the time, and felt stiff in the loins afterwards, but was unconscious of having sustained any permanent harm. It now appears that the lowest rib on the left side was fractured, and driven into the kidney, causing lasting and eventually fatal

injury ; but so great were the efforts of the natural powers to overcome it, that it remained dormant with only occasional indisposition for nearly five years, when a thorough irritation of the system was set up, the sufferings of which were patiently endured for nearly a year and a half.

Early in this period of trial and suffering a great change took place in his views and feelings which was very obvious to those most nearly connected with him, and although perhaps nothing very remarkable can be recorded, yet, as showing the grace of God, and the efficacy of a simple, child-like faith in the Redeemer, and also as offering some ground for the consoling belief his parents have ventured to express that he died in perfect peace, it may be well to make known to others some brief extracts from memoranda made during his illness.

23rd of Fifth month, 1860. Sitting by the bedside this evening, his dear father remarked to him that he had many quiet hours. He assented, but said that he liked to be quiet ; that he believed this illness had been sent for a purpose, and that it was in part carried out ; that he now saw things very differently, and although he had a feeling as if he should recover, yet he would almost rather not, unless he could feel sure that he should remain

firm when restored to health ; that he sometimes thought it would be better to die now, when he felt sure of the love and mercy of his God and Saviour, than be exposed to the danger of falling away from that love of which he was sensible towards him. He felt convinced that his prayers had been heard ; that unless he had been supported, he could not have borne the pain he had had to pass through. He again repeated, that he had no doubt of the love and mercy of God his Saviour towards him if he was taken now ; he hoped this was not a false confidence : but what troubled and surprised him most was, that he was conscious of so little love on his part in return ; that he often found it difficult to fix his thoughts in prayer, and upon things of the chief importance. Being reminded of the Saviour's words, " Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," " Yes," he said, " but it is so difficult to come to Him."

3rd of Sixth month :—Our dear son received a visit this afternoon from a friend whose religious experience and counsel he valued, and in allusion to this visit he remarked that ——— had spoken so boldly and confidently that he would not be forsaken, that it was very encouraging to him, and although he had not all the joy and peace he could desire, he believed he should yet feel more ; but

that even if his Saviour did not fully manifest Himself to him, he believed He would save him ; that he felt assured his prayers had been answered, but it was very trying to him to feel that he still sinned by giving way to impatience, &c. His breathing had become considerably affected, so that he spoke with some difficulty, and in detached sentences. He enquired what the doctors thought of his case, and was told that, although they did not speak of it as hopeless, it was evident they did not expect a favourable result. He received this announcement with the utmost calmness, and it seemed a relief to him to know what his state was really considered to be. He referred to it the next day, when his countenance had a peculiar sweetness of expression, and his voice and manner a corresponding tenderness and gentleness. In the course of the morning, he said the knowledge that he was not likely to recover had taken great hold of his mind.

15th of Sixth month. To-day the first consultation with another surgeon took place. In the evening, after the medical men had left, dearest Edmonds told us that he did not wish to look beyond the present day ; that he thought he could leave the future ; that he did not think any thing could take away the hope that was in Him, unless

it were his own fault; that he felt how needful it was to be frequent in prayer; and that his most constant desire was, that his Saviour would be his sufficient help from day to day.

His faith and dependance on his Saviour are very beautiful, and his resignation so remarkable, that we cannot doubt its being the gift of God. "I think I should be happy, if I should be only an invalid," he said one day, "and if I should not recover, I should be taken from the trials and temptations of life."

After the date of the foregoing memoranda he passed about two months with less suffering, and on the 3rd of Ninth month came down stairs, and was able to be driven out; but finding that one of his medical advisers considered it was at the risk of increased illness, he returned to his bed and couch, and was afterwards almost wholly confined to them. During part of the time the disease appeared so dormant that we were not sure whether he was not expecting to recover; but as months passed on we found he still thought it doubtful, and that he continued to feel happy; but he did not say much on the subject for some time. In the spring and summer of this year various secondary symptoms appeared in succession which occasioned *acute* suffering. He was

fully aware of his critical state ; and freely spoke of his undisturbed peace. " I am so happy," he said one day, " after the doctors left, such a sense of happiness came over me, that I should have been disappointed if they had thought me better." He often selected part of the Gospel of John to be read to him, and especially the 14th and three following chapters, and during the last few weeks, when he was unable to converse much, owing to the pressure of still greater illness, he frequently referred to the text, " Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am," &c. Shortly before this he wished to hear, from " The Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan's description of Christian's passage through the valley ; his crossing the river was read to him, containing the assurance his companion gave that " he had found the bottom and it was safe." He afterwards said that for a few nights he thought every one would be the last, and under this impression he one evening offered supplication for us all, and for his friends, and alluded to the mansion prepared for him. About this time he had remarked to the friend previously mentioned, who had so often visited, and been a comfort and encouragement to him, that the prospect of so much happiness seemed almost too much to realize, and yet he did

not think he could be mistaken. The last evening of his life he requested to have the 14th Psalm read to him; the 103rd followed; and after awhile he again wished to hear those Psalms. His breathing became impeded at times, and the next morning it was laborious during sleep; but he was removed into another room, a change the idea of which had given him pleasure. After the effort had been made, and he was placed on his water-bed again, he wished us to be quiet, and looking at his mother, who stood by him, he said very impressively, "Rest, rest." A few more hours passed, during which he appeared much the same as before. His mother left him with the nurse for a few moments to get something for him, when he suddenly called for her and his father—they were soon with him, but he breathed only a few times after they took his hands. His long suffering body offered no resistance to the departure of the unfettered spirit, so mercifully redeemed by that Saviour whose constraining love had brought him to Himself.

"By *grace* ye are saved, through *faith*, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

JOHN EDEY VEALE, 67 22 6 mo. 1861

Austell, Cornwall. A Minister.

This dear friend was the son of John and

Susanna Veale, of Austell, in Cornwall, and was born there the 9th of Tenth month, 1794.

It is to be regretted that few particulars of his boyhood are remembered by his surviving relatives; but he appears to have been early brought under the power of religion, and made sensible of the love of Christ. Endeavouring to live under the restraining influences of Divine grace, he became a good example to his brothers and sisters, who were nine in number. A near relation remarks respecting him: "His consistent walk, from my earliest remembrance, has ever been engraven upon my heart, and will, I believe, long remain as a sweet smelling savour."

Even at this early period of life, he was remarkable for a faithful adherence to apprehended duty, and he did not shrink from giving a word of caution or advice to those who seemed to need it. Abiding under the humbling, sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit, he experienced a growth in grace, and in compliance with what he believed to be the requiring of the Great Head of the Church, he ventured to speak as a minister in our religious meetings, and was recorded as one approved in that station in the year 1826.

It does not appear that J. E. V. felt himself called to travel much as an ambassador for Christ,

his labours in the Gospel being very much confined to the neighbourhood in which he resided, and the compass of his own Quarterly Meeting. In these localities he was much esteemed ; and there is reason to believe that his Christian faithfulness, and the services of his ministry were blessed to many. Yet, in 1855, he also paid a visit in Gospel love, and in company with another Friend, to the meetings within the compass of Bristol and Somerset Quarterly Meeting, which was much to the relief and peace of his own mind.

It was a marked feature in his character to shrink from any manifestation of approval, when his services, for the good of others, had been called forth—"aiming rather at *being* useful than at *appearing* to be so ;" thus shewing his sense of the import of the words of our blessed Lord : "After ye have done all, say we are unprofitable servants ; we have done that which it was our duty to do." His sensitiveness in this respect might possibly be sometimes carried a little too far, but it often afforded instruction to his friends as a lesson in the right direction.

His mind was deeply pained when hearing the sacred name profaned, and frequently would he pause in his country walks and give the word of

faithful warning to those who were in the habit of profane swearing, or the use of improper language, reminding them in a weighty and impressive manner, "that for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," and exhorting them with much earnestness to abandon a practice so offensive in the Divine sight.

On the ground of religious conviction he was simple in his habits, and moderate in his desires ; and, having been favoured to attain a sufficiency of this world's goods, he retired from business while yet in his prime, about 1837, and removed with his wife to a residence a short distance from the town. But, though thus withdrawn from the active pursuits of ordinary business, he was an instructive example of diligence in devoting his time and talents to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. Much of his leisure was spent in visiting the poor in their cottages, relieving their temporal wants, and giving them such advice as their circumstances appeared to require. He would talk to the children, and examine them as to their progress in learning, and their acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, often making explanatory remarks of an instructive character. He was a frequent visitor

at the school in the Union Workhouse, spending a morning almost every week with the children, in endeavouring to ascertain their advancement in useful knowledge, and entering with Christian interest into their pursuits. His services in this respect were felt to be peculiarly valuable, and by his removal those who are at the head of the establishment are deprived of a kind and useful adviser and helper.

Though regarded by his friends as a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, there has been no intention to describe him as free from the weaknesses of human nature. He deeply felt his own short-comings, and mourned over his infirmities ; and the memoranda he has left behind give instructive evidence that he was not satisfied with *deploring* them, but by prayer and supplication he sought for help and strength from his Heavenly Father to *overcome* them ; and it was manifest that through Him who had loved him and given Himself for him, he was often favoured to obtain the victory.

He was taken unwell on the 14th of Sixth month, and after an illness of about eight days, he peacefully departed. He expressed but little in reference to the solemn prospect before him, but that little was truly satisfactory. His work

seemed to be done, and resting his hopes of acceptance wholly on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus his Saviour, he gave comforting evidence that all was well with him.

SARAH VENTRESS, *Darlington*. 76 27 1 mo. 1861

RACHEL WADDINGTON, 47 4 3 mo. 1861
Birkenhead.

ANN WALKER, 69 23 12 mo. 1860
Clerkenwell, London. Wife of James Walker.

SARAH WALKER, 51 28 2 mo. 1861
Ullock, Pardshaw, Cumberland.

ABRAHAM WALLIS, *Ipswich*. 72 20 3 mo. 1861

WILLIAM WALLIS, 76 21 8 mo. 1861
Stebbing, Essex.

DEBORAH WALPOLE, 70 21 12 mo. 1860
Kingstown, near Dublin.

MARTHA WALPOLE, 56 22 6 mo. 1861
Waterford.

ANN WALTON, 51 2 5 mo. 1861
Chatmoss, Oldham.

SARAH EDITH WATERFALL, 8 29 11 mo. 1860
Gateshead. Daughter of William and Sarah Waterfall.

GEORGE WATERFIELD, 56 18 3 mo. 1861
Birmingham.

SARAH ANN WATSON, 58 11 1 mo. 1861
London. Wife of George Watson.

SARAH WATSON, 23 17 1 mo. 1861
Newcastle, Staffordshire. Wife of Henry Watson.

JAMES WATSON, 51 22 4 mo. 1861
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MARY ANN WATTS, 35 5 1 mo. 1861
Cheetham, Manchester. Wife of Joseph Watts.

ISABELLA WEBSTER, 85 24 12 mo. 1860
Cottingham, Yorks. Widow of John Webster.

JOHN WESTCOMBE, *Worcester.* 80 18 11 mo. 1860

In recording the death of this aged friend, we may, with peculiar emphasis, appropriate to him the inquiry of the prophet, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" for although an affirmative reply must be given to such a question, as it respects *every* sinner who is saved through the redemption which is in Jesus, there is a remarkable force of application in reference to those who for a course of years have lived in the open violation of the Divine law, and have run headlong in the way which leadeth to destruction. Thus it had been with our departed friend. It is not because we desire to revive long-past, and we thankfully believe, long-forgiven transgressions, that we furnish some particulars of a painful nature respecting the early and middle portion of this dear friend's life, but because we believe them

adapted to warn and instruct, not less than are those of his latter years to comfort and encourage.

Deprived in infancy of maternal care, and very early removed from all home influences, it is not improbable that his subsequent departures from the paths of virtue and religion were promoted by the want of parental care and restraint. His situation as an apprentice was one of much exposure, but during this period his two sisters, a few years older than himself, watched over him with Christian love, and maintained with him a profitable correspondence.

As a young man, John Westcombe appears to have evinced an intelligent and enquiring mind, much inclined to useful reading, and fond of Natural History and pursuits connected with it. He was evidently a man of strong impulses and appetites, and irritable in his temper; but from early life he was the subject of powerful conviction for sin, to which at times he measurably yielded.

His business was that of a currier, and in the prosecution of it he was accustomed to travel much on foot to sell his leather to small shoemakers in country districts. It was then the common practice of the trade to treat their customers at public houses with ale and spirits. Being of a

social disposition, ready at repartee, and fond of drollery and joke, and having from necessity frequently to spend his evenings at these haunts of dissipation, he was introduced into low company; and, from his superior education and fund of anecdote and wit, he became a centre of attraction, which, whilst it gratified his pride, exposed him to much temptation, and gradually induced habits of intemperance, which were associated with other degrading vices. To these at length he became absolutely enslaved.

When about thirty years of age, his irregularities brought him under the discipline of the church, and he lost his membership. After the lapse of several years, during which he appeared to be brought into deep repentance, he was readmitted, and for a considerable time his conduct was marked by a good degree of Christian propriety and circumspection.

Again he fell away under the power of the enemy of his soul, and great indeed was his fall. His friends laboured with him long and earnestly, and very grateful he felt for their faithfulness and their forbearance; and when at length all their efforts appeared utterly fruitless, and his conduct became so openly disgraceful that no other course remained but to testify against him, and once more

to separate him from outward fellowship, there were no hard feelings engendered—he still continued to love his friends. When sober he bitterly deplored his cruel bondage, and gladly availed himself of the counsel and help of those who continued still to watch over him and labour with him with Christian fidelity, hoping even against hope. On one occasion an honored friend, long since gone to his everlasting rest (the late Richard Burlingham,) closed a conversation with him thus :—“John, thou hast the prayers of many of thy friends.” The poor man, almost in tears, emphatically replied, “*I know* I have ;” and he informed a relation who visited him a little before his death, that this assurance cheered him in those his days of darkness, and gave him even then a glimpse of hope : such is the power of Christian sympathy, and such the efficacy of prayer. Almost continually under the influence of ardent spirits, things became more and more hopeless : often afflicted with delirium tremens, shattered in health, with character gone, and greatly impoverished in his circumstances, his friends earnestly pleaded with him, as a forlorn hope, to take the temperance pledge. He had long maintained a high standard of integrity and truthfulness, and they hoped that, if he took this step, he might

be helped to keep his vow. His reply on one occasion was characteristic, "I am disgrace enough to you as it is, I should break my pledge and only disgrace you more." In the spring of 1835, he was, however, induced to sign for four months. He steadily refrained from taking any intoxicating liquors during the whole time; but at the end of the term he refused to sign the pledge again, saying there was no necessity, he could now resist without; but, alas, in little more than a fortnight he yielded again to his besetting sin, and for several weeks was continually inebriated. As soon as he was capable of being reasoned with, a sister-in-law and one of her daughters called upon him. They found him utterly miserable, and for awhile they all wept together; then, turning to his niece, with a trembling voice he exclaimed, "Child, art thou crying for me? I am not worth crying for; I am a disgrace to you all; you had better take no further notice of me." They endeavoured to encourage him yet to hope, and to look to Him who alone could deliver him. They left him more composed, and the next day to their great joy, he once more signed the temperance pledge, not as before for only a limited period, but absolutely. From this date it is believed that he never relapsed.

But with him it was not enough that he abstained from the intoxicating glass. He felt that he had grievously sinned against God. He sought pardon through the blood of Jesus in prayer, and penitence, and faith, and was mercifully accepted by that gracious Saviour who is as willing, as He is able, to save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him. Sensible of his own weakness, and of the fearful strength of his temptations, he was preserved in great watchfulness and prayer, and in humble dependence on Divine grace, and thus he experienced continued preservation. He was once more reinstated into membership in 1840; and for the last twenty years of his life his walk was that of an exemplary humble Christian. Having been forgiven much he loved much, and he loved Christ in His members.

He always referred to the middle portion of his life with humiliation, and to the mercy which had marked his latter days with humble gratitude. To a friend who visited him a few days before his death, he remarked, "I should be a poor creature—I *am* a poor creature—but I should be poor *indeed*, if I did not know the Lord Jesus to be my righteousness; but this I can thankfully acknowledge, I am able to appropriate."

In his last illness he was often permitted to be

sore buffeted by the cruel enemy of his soul, who brought before him in fearful array his past sins, and great at times was his mental agony—even in the delirium induced by weakness, the scenes of his former dissipation appeared to be distressingly present; but on the discontinuance of a little wine, which had been given him by his attendants, these painful illusions ceased, and as his nurse remarked, he talked in his rambling “only of good things,” often repeating portions of Scripture. Our Saviour’s reference to the prayer of the publican afforded him much comfort, and the remembrance of the text, “He is able to save unto the uttermost all those who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them,” was a source of sweet solace to his tribulated soul. His prayers were fervent, and not unfrequently vocally uttered, with much solemnity, that the Lord would be pleased to regard him with compassion, and prepare him for an entrance into His heavenly kingdom. Nor were his prayers in vain. He was at length delivered from all his fears, and enabled to lay firm hold of the promises. On one occasion, a niece asked him if he was in pain; he said, “No, my dear, I have no pain, and I feel very comfortable—so comfortable that I can scarcely understand it.” She replied, “Is it not the presence of

the Comforter?" he said, "I believe it is, and should He see meet again to hide his face from me, I think I can trust in Him still. Blessed for ever be His holy name."

A little before his death, when it was doubted if he were conscious, the prayer was offered that "if consistent with the will of the Lord, he would grant his servant an easy passage and an entrance into His heavenly kingdom," the dying saint raised his eyes with such an expression of earnest prayer and humble confidence, as to assure the bystanders that he not only understood the petition, but that in mercy it was answered.

The last words indistinctly heard were "Praise Him."

Thus sustained with praise on his lips, he gently declined for about two hours, and quietly passed away trusting in Jesus; whilst those who could call to remembrance his chequered career, could dwell with gratitude on the indisputable evidence afforded, during many years, of the great change which, through omnipotent grace, had been wrought in him, and could adoringly acknowledge, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

SARAH WHITE,

71 23 12 mo. 1860

Bristol. A Minister. Wife of Hugh White.

- HANNAH WHITEHEAD, 84 13 1 mo. 1861
Dudley. Widow of John Whitehead.
- SUSANNA WHITING, 59 6 6 mo. 1861
Reading. Wife of Samuel Whiting.
- HANNAH WICKENS, *Uxbridge.* 68 9 3 mo. 1861
- MARY WICKLOW, 64 15 1 mo. 1861
Drummond, Grange, Co. Tyrone.
- CUTHBERT WIGHAM, 82 27 12 mo. 1860
Darlington.
- ELIZABETH WILLETT, 68 5 3 mo. 1861
Cheltenham. Wife of Samuel Willett.
- MARTHA WILLIAMS, 74 12 10 mo. 1860
Mansfield.
- NATHANIEL WILLIAMS, 90 16 9 mo. 1861
Waterford, late of Dublin. An Elder.
- THOMAS M. WILLIS, 1 18 6 mo. 1861
London. Son of George and Mary Ann Willis.
- ELIZABETH WILMOT, 89 12 1 mo. 1861
Bristol. Widow of James Wilmot.
- REBECCA WILSON, 84 8 1 mo. 1861
Elm Farm, near Liverpool. Widow of Edward Wilson.
- EMILY WILSON, 8 27 1 mo. 1861
Calder Mount, Garstang. Daughter of Charles and Susanna Wilson.
- ARTHUR HENRY WILSON, 1 7 3 mo. 1861
Larkfield, near Liverpool. Son of Charles and Susanna Wilson.

HANNAH WILSON, <i>Kendal.</i>	83	1	6 mo.	1861
SARAH WITHERS,	78	18	2 mo.	1861
<i>Reading.</i> Widow of John Withers.				
ELIZA WITHERS,	50	30	4 mo.	1861
<i>Shanklin, Isle of Wight.</i>	Wife of James Withers.			
JAMES WOOD, <i>Ackworth.</i>	72	28	3 mo.	1861
ALICE E. WOOLEY,	1	1	10 mo.	1860
<i>Moate, Ireland.</i>	Daughter of Thomas and Anne Wooley.			
WILLIAM C. WOOLMAN,	1	24	6 mo.	1861
<i>Stockton-upon-Tees.</i>	Son of Thomas and Elizabeth Woolman.			
ANN ELLIS WRIGHT,	79	28	10 mo.	1860
<i>Clifton, near Bristol.</i>	Widow of William Wright.			
ROBERT WRIGHT, <i>Ipswich.</i>	75	1	2 mo.	1861
MARY YOUNG,	82	15	11 mo.	1860
<i>Clifton, near Bristol.</i>	Widow of Edward Young.			

INFANTS whose names are not inserted.

Under one month	Boys 8	...	Girls 3
From one to three months...	do.	2	...	do.	1
From three to six months ...	do.	3	...	do.	1
From six to twelve months..	do.	3	...	do.	1

TABLE,
Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1858—59, 1859—60, and 1860—61.

AGE.	YEAR 1858—59			YEAR 1859—60.			YEAR 1860—61.		
	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female	Total.
Under 1 year*	13	8	21	13	5	18	16	6	22
Under 5 years	22	13	35	18	10	28	22	16	38
From 5 to 10 "	4	8	12	3	8	11	5	5	10
10 to 15 "	1	4	5	3	3	6	1	1	2
15 to 20 "	6	4	10	4	4	8	4	7	11
20 to 30 "	13	9	22	7	10	17	7	9	16
30 to 40 "	4	17	21	11	5	16	4	9	13
40 to 50 "	7	10	17	7	9	16	9	7	16
50 to 60 "	12	18	30	11	19	30	13	19	32
60 to 70 "	22	23	45	27	32	59	20	32	52
70 to 80 "	26	39	65	27	48	75	30	45	75
80 to 90 "	13	27	40	15	34	49	17	29	46
90 to 100 "	1	4	5	4	5	9	1	3	4
All Ages	131	176	307	137	187	324	133	182	315

* The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years,"

Average age in 1858—59, 50 years, 1 month, 20 and 2.3 days.

Average age in 1859—60, 55 years, 8 months, 1.3 day.

Average age in 1860—61, 53 years, 5 months, and 12 1.6 days.

Names not reported last year.

JOHN BRECKON,	61 18 9 mo. 1860
<i>Kirby Moorside, Yorks.</i>	
JOHN BURTT,	78 26 11 mo. 1859
<i>Wellbourn, Lincolnshire.</i>	An Elder.
SAMUEL CASH,	69 5 12 mo. 1859
<i>Peckham.</i>	An Elder.

Through a long course of years, we believe it may be said of this dear friend, that he was one who, whilst not "slothful in business," was "fervent in spirit," endeavouring in humility to "serve the Lord."

He withdrew from the concerns of trade when but little advanced beyond the meridian of life, giving himself up, with much devotedness, to the interests of our religious Society, and the promotion of its spiritual welfare. Accepting, from heart-felt conviction of their accordance with the doctrines and precepts of our blessed Lord and his Apostles, our Christian principles and testimonies, he was solicitous that they should be maintained and upheld in consistency and in faithfulness. He was a sympathising friend to many in times of trial and difficulty.

In the autumn of 1858, he underwent a severe surgical operation, his recovery from which was greatly promoted by the peaceful serenity of his mind; but the disease again made its appearance in the following spring, and gradually increased. Though deeply feeling this heavy affliction, his concern was to submit, without murmuring, to the Divine will, and he endured, with patience, a lengthened season of suffering. From the nature of the disease, he could express but little, and for the last two weeks was nearly deprived of the power of speech. On one occasion, however, about a week before the final close, he was enabled, with difficulty, to express his deep feeling of unworthiness, describing himself "a poor worm," but that a sense of acceptance, through the merit of his dear Redeemer, was permitted him, and commemorating the long suffering mercy extended to him, he concluded with the expression of his love to all mankind.

SAMUEL COOK, *Gainsboro'*. 84 16 2 mo. 1860

EDWARD S. COOPER, 12 3 8 mo. 1860

Doncaster. Son of William and Jane S.
Cooper.

HENRIETTA J. FRY, *Bristol*. 60 25 3 mo. 1860

JANE S. HODGSON, 81 11 4 mo. 1861

Scotby, Cumberland.

WILLIAM HENRY LISTER, 30 28 10 mo. 1859

Baildon, near Bradford, Yorks.

WILLIAM HOW WHITE, 24 5 6 mo. 1860

Amphill, died at Melbourne, Australia.

JANE WIGHAM, 65 3 12 mo. 1860

Hurtington place, Carlisle.

SOREN STAKLAND,

Of Stakland, in Norway, died the 25th of Seventh month, 1860, in the 69th year of his age.

This friend is mentioned by George Richardson in his interesting "Rise and Progress of the Society of Friends in Norway," as a remarkable instance, even as regards outward substance, of the Divine blessing attendant on faithfulness under suffering. He lived on a farm, in a remote part of the country, about midway between Stavanger and Bergen, with but few neighbours near; and for some time was the only one in that locality who held Friends' principles. He was received into membership in 1832; and as his children, seven in number, grew up, they, as well as their mother, followed his example, until the old man had the pleasure of seeing his whole family united with him in religious fellowship, hitherto the only instance in Norway of the complete family, parents and children, being members.

His second son Elias has, like his father, been a pattern of faithfulness under suffering; he has been five times imprisoned in Bergen Castle, for refusing to bear arms, for periods varying from three to five weeks, and he has found as others have done, that his sufferings for Christ's sake have been made a blessing to him. It was instructive and delightful to witness how his countenance beamed with joy after his return home from prison. He was in perfectly solitary confinement, in a room partly under the level of the ground, very slightly lighted from near the top by a small window scarcely more than a foot square, where for the first two or three periods of his incarceration, he was not suffered to have any books or papers, or to hold any intercourse with others either by mouth or letter. In the latter periods of his imprisonment he was allowed to have a few books, and once or twice the gaoler was so lenient as to hand him letters that were written to him. His case on one occasion so far moved a magistrate, as to wring from him the confession, that the hardest duty he had ever had to perform was the committing to prison that young man in a matter of conscience. He had become so attached to his room that when, during one of the latter terms of his imprisonment, it was preoccupied by another,

who was suffering on the same ground, he desired the gaoler to let him again occupy it as soon as it was at liberty; this the gaoler did. The other young man was not in membership with Friends, though professing our principles; a third and fourth have since suffered in this castle, neither of them members: the last was only recently liberated.

Except this family of Staklands, there were, for a number of years, no others in the neighbourhood professing with Friends; but, latterly, first one and then another have joined them, and some even from a distance of four or five miles often attend their little meeting for worship. The old man had fitted up a small "upper room" in his house for a place of meeting, and the writer of this notice remembers with what pleasure he once took him up stairs to see it; it was simple but neat, and here, doubtless, was frequently offered up that spiritual worship and those spiritual sacrifices, which are "acceptable unto God through Jesus Christ." He had also fenced round with stones a small plot of ground on his farm for a burial place, and his own remains were the first to be interred there. The family lived together in rustic simplicity, cultivating their farm, and above all cultivating intercourse with their Maker,

feeding on that bread which is the life of the soul. One of the daughters married a friend residing at a short distance, and both she and her husband attend the meeting at Stakland.

Not many incidents of note occurred in the latter years of the good old man's life. He became very deaf; but his love to the Truth and to Friends remained unabated, or rather increased. When any from a distance visited him, though he could hear so little, he would draw his chair near, or beckon the friend to come and sit by him, taking him affectionately by the hand, which he pressed with earnestness. During an attack of illness, from which it was thought he could scarcely recover, he said to a friend who was on a visit to the little church there, "it is a solemn thing to die;" the friend replied, "yes, but thou knowest in whom thou hast believed." "I do," was his emphatic rejoinder. He had not the five talents committed to him, but with those he had he endeavoured to occupy; and having with a large degree of faithfulness served his generation, he was we believe prepared, through Divine grace, to receive the gladsome welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LEIGHTON ON ISAIAH,

Chap. VI., 6 to 8.

(A LITTLE ABRIDGED.)

“Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs off the altar : and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips ; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also, I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ? Then said I, Here am I ; send me.”

Impurity well discovered to a man is half cured. When God graciously shews a man his own unsanctifiedness, he goes on to cleanse and sanctify him ; the light that discovers is followed by a *burning coal* that purges away.

The Holy Spirit is that purifying fire ; a touch of it cleanseth the heart, and lips, and all, and kindles that affection in the soul which cannot die out, which not many waters can quench. It doth this to all that are sanctified, but eminently it doth it (or, at least, they desire it may), to those

who are to be the instruments of enlightening, purifying, and kindling others. So in the resemblance of *fiery tongues* came down this Spirit upon the Apostles; and thence they themselves were as *burning coals* scattered through the nations, blessed incendiaries through the world, setting it on fire with the love of Christ: *tanquam ligna ardentia dispersa*, says Augustine.

Thine iniquity is taken away—how impure soever before. This free grace is wonderful, to make some who have been notoriously unclean, by the change wrought by this fire, the touch of a coal, to become eminently gracious, and messengers of grace to others. They, though originally of dark clay, are by this fire made transparent glass, through which the light of the Gospel shines into the Church.

This *coal taken from the altar* may denote the deriving of the Spirit from Jesus Christ, our priest, altar, sacrifice, and all, by which we are purified and made fit for His service. He is the fountain of light, and life, and purity, and of all grace to His messengers and all His followers. His grace is indeed a *live coal*, where heavenly heat is mixed with earth—the fulness of the Godhead with our nature in human flesh. Thereby we draw near; and especially they who bear his

name to men, under a sense of their own impurity entreat his touch: as devout Bernard, who, in a holy hyperbole, exclaims, "Had the prophet need of a coal! O then, grant for me a whole globe of fire, to purge away my filthiness, and make me a fit messenger to this people!"

Thy sin is purged. The children of God are a wonder to themselves, when that Spirit comes in who conquers and purges so easily what they before groan under and wrestle with, very long to little or no purpose. A touch of that will cleanse and heal: the all-purifying virtue of His Spirit, whereof this baptism of the prophet's lips was a symbol, takes away the dross, which by other means than that *fire* cannot be purged. So in metals, much pains may be taken, and strength of hand used with little effect; that at most does but scratch the surface—makes the outside a little bright and shining—but severs not the dross from within: that cannot be done without fire. Have we not found how vainly *we* attempt while God withholds his hand? Yea, while a man fancies self-pureness, he is the more impure; as Job says, "If I wash myself with snow-water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Therefore prayer is the great resource of a

soul under a sense of uncleanness, begging a new creation, for such it is indeed ; “ *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me ;*” following God with this suit, and resolving to follow Him till he grant it : for we well know He is able, and may say, “ *Lord, if thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.*”

This *fire* has two effects—it works purity and activity ; it takes away the love of sin, and puts in life and spirit for obedience. And here, after *thy sin is purged*, he says : *Here am I, send me.* The former is effectual towards the latter—the more the soul is cleansed the more alive and able it is made for service. The purging out of those sickly humours makes it more vigorous and able, whereas they, abounding, clog the spirit, and make the vital operations heavy and weak. A soul well cleansed from the love of sin and the world, and self, is in a healthful temper, and goes nimbly to any work. Outward discouragements and difficulties are then nothing. A feverish distemper within hinders and makes one lazy and unwieldly, unwilling and unable to labour ; but that well purged and cured, he cares less for the hot weather without ; strength of nature endures that more easily. O, how sweet to be thus actuated by love, a pure intention and desire of

doing God service, and of bringing him glory ! Other motives, or the mixtures of them, are base ; and though God may make use sometimes of such, yet he sees within, and knows what spring makes the wheels go, and he gives them their reward here—somewhat possibly of what they seek—success and credit, and a name ; but the after-reward of faithful servants they need not look for in that work ; for they receive *their* reward, and can they expect more ? Many a “ Here am I ” comes from other incentives than a *live coal* ; and so they may burn and shine a while, but they soon consume and die out in a snuff : the heavenly altar-fire alone keeps in, and returns to heaven where it was kindled.

There is many a hot, furious march, under the semblance and name of zeal for God, that loves to be seen, as Jehu, “ Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord.” Such persons may flatter themselves into that conceit, in the heat of action, to think it is for God, while He sees through it, and judges it as it is—zeal for self and their own interest ; and He gives them accordingly some hireling journeyman’s wages, and then turns them off. But O, when the heart is purely actuated by a desire of his glory, and seeks nothing else,—for such remains that blessed word, “ Well done

good and faithful servant, enter into thy Master's joy."

This then is to be sought for by ministers, and eminent servants in public affairs—yea, by all that offer any service to God—a readiness from love. Something of this there is in all who are truly His, though held down in many, and almost smothered with rubbish; and in these there is some mixture of flesh drawing back. *The spirit is ready, but the flesh is weak*, and a load to it, hindering its working; and this strife is often found as a horse to an unskilful rider—at once pricked with the spur and checked with the bridle. But where this spirit of love is it doth prevail, and wastes that opposition daily, and groweth in strength, becomes more quick and ready, more freed from self, and more actuated by the will of God; attaining somewhat further in that conformity with heaven, where shall be no will striving, but His alone; where those glorious bright spirits stand ready for all commands, who *excel in strength*, and employ it all *to do His commandments*. And the more like them we be here, the more lively hope have we to be shortly with them, and to be wholly as they are.

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?
This enquiry imports not a doubtful deliberation

in God, but a purpose to send. He is represented as a King, advising with himself or his council. But were there not ready millions of winged messengers? What need then of such a word? True, angels were ready; but God, vouchsafing to send an embassy to men, will send one that might speak their language to them. He will take men, subject to the like infirmities and pollutions with the people, yet purged from these pollutions and made holy—if not perfectly, yet eminently so—that one of themselves should come and deal with men for God, and bear witness of His graciousness and readiness to forgive, and to sanctify the forgiven sinner.

And I said, Here am I, send me. What a blessed change was wrought on Paul when cast to the ground! His own will was broken all to pieces, and now he is only for His service whose name he hated, and whose servants he persecuted. “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” These are the words and character of a true convert. And thus, the soul turned to Christ may in some cases doubt what is His will, but that once resolved, there is no deliberation whether to do it or not. He says not, if the service be honourable or profitable, that is, carrying worldly credit or profits with it, then will I do it; no, but whatever it be,

if it be Thine, and Thou appoint me to it, *Here am I*. And this makes the meanest work of his station excellent.

A strange change, indeed, in the prophet; but just before an *undone man*, and here presently a ready messenger. Something of this most find who are truly called to this high work of delivering messages from God: sometimes a sense of pollution benumbs and strikes them dead, and anon again they feel the flame of love kindled by that coal, quickening them to such a readiness, and such free offers of themselves to service, as, to those who understand not the reason of it, would seem presumptuous forwardness. And there may be in some minds, at one and the same time, a strange mixture and counterworking of these two together—a sense of unfitness and unworthiness drawing back, and yet the strength of love driving forward—thinking thus: How can I who am so filthy, so vile, speak of God? Yet He hath shewn me mercy, how then can I be silent?

Isaiah cries out of *polluted lips* as Moses complained of *stammering lips*. And this is fit to precede, first, a sense of extreme inability and unworthiness, and then, upon a change and call, ready obedience. A man once undone, and then recovered, is the only fit messenger for God. In

such a one love overcomes all difficulties, both without and within, and in his work no constraint is he feeling but that of love; and where that is, no other will be needed. The sweet all-powerful constraint of love will send thee all-cheerful, though it were through fire or water: no water can quench it, nor fire out-burn it; it burns hotter than any other kindled against it. After the touch of that *coal*, no forbearing.—“Feed the flock of God which is among you,” says Peter, “taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind.” Yet the Prophet says—“*Send me.*” Though he had so ardent a desire and readiness to go, yet he will not go *unsent*, but humbly offers himself, and waits both for his commission and instruction.

CHRIST AS SEPARATE FROM THE
WORLD.

Heb. vii. 26—" *Separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.*"

The remarkable separation of Christ from the sinners of mankind, and the impression He awakened in them of that separation, was made, not by scenes, nor by words of assertion, nor by anything designed for that purpose, but it grew out of His life and character—His unworldliness, holiness, purity, truth, love; the dignity of His feeling, the transcendent wisdom and grace of His conduct. He was manifestly one that stood apart from the world in his profoundest human sympathy with it. He often spent His nights in solitary prayer, closeted with God in the recesses of the mountains. He was plainly not under the world, or any fashions of human opinion. He was able to be singular, without apparently desiring it, and by the simple force of His superiority. Conventionalities had no power over him, learning

no authority with him. He borrowed nothing from men. His very thoughts appeared to be coined in the mint of some wisdom higher than human. There was also this distinction in all His virtues, that they did not open, like those of men, at the larger end, growing less and less, the further in they might be penetrated; but at the smaller, as if no strain, or ostentation were possible, growing larger therefore, and wider, and fuller, the more conversant and the more familiar with them any one might be. His whole ministry, therefore, was a kind of discovery and so a process of separation. The purity of His life grew greater; the truth of His doctrine more than mortal, or that of any mortal prophet; His love itself deific; and so—this is the grandeur and glory of His life—He rose up out of humanity, or the human level, into Deity and the separate order of uncreated life, by the mere force of His manner and character, and achieved, as man, the sense of a Divine excellence before His personal order as the Son of God was conceived. And so it finally became established in men's feeling, as it stood in His last prayer, that there was some inexplicable oneness where His inmost life and spirit merged in the Divine and became identical. His human fire had already mingled its blaze with the great central sun of Deity.

Accordingly what we see in His resurrection and ascension, and the scenes of intercourse between, is only a kind of final consummation, or complete rendering of what was already in men's hearts. There it begins to come out that He is the King, even the Lord of Glory. Death cannot hold Him. The earth cannot fasten Him. The parting clouds receive Him and let Him through to His throne, not more truly but only more visibly separate than before, in that He is made higher than the heavens.

How great a thing now is it, that such a Being has come into our world and lived in it—a Being above mortality while in it—a Being separate from sinners, bringing unto sinners by a fellow-nature what is transcendent and even deific in the Divine holiness and love. Yes, we have had a visitor among us, living out, in the moulds of human conduct and feeling, the perfections of God! What an importation of glory and truth! Who that lives a man can ever, after this, think it a low and common thing to fill these spheres, walk in these ranges of life, and do these works of duty which have been raised so high by the life of Jesus in the flesh? The world is no more the same that it was. All its main ideas and deeds are raised. A kind of sacred glory invests

even our humblest spheres and most common concerns.

Consider and accurately distinguish, as here we may easily do, what is meant by holiness, and what especially is its power, or the law of its power. Holiness is not what we may do or become in mere self-activity or self-culture, but it is the sense of a separated quality in one who lives on a footing of intimacy and oneness with God. The original word, represented by our word *holiness*, means separation or separateness—the character of being drawn apart, or exalted, by being consecrated to God and filled with inspiration from God. It supposes nothing unsocial, withdraws no one from those living sympathies that gladden human life. On the contrary, it quickens all most gentle and loving affinities, and brings the subject just as much closer in feeling to his fellow-man as he is closer to God and less centralised in himself. But it changes the look or expression, raising in that manner the apparent grade of the subject, and separating him from whatever is of the world or under the spirit of the world. He is not simply a man as before, but he is more—a man exalted, hallowed, glorified. The Divine tempers are in him—the power of the world is fallen off—his words have a different accent—his

acts an air of repose, dignity, sanctity—and the result is, that mankind feel him as one somehow become superior. It stirs their conscience to speak with him—it puts them under impressions that are consciously not of man alone. This is holiness—the condition of a man when he is separated visibly from the world and raised above it by a Divine participation. It is, in fact, the greatest power ever exerted by man, being not the power of man, but only of God himself manifested in him.

But the great and principal lesson derivable from this subject is, that Christianity is a regenerative power upon the world only as it comes into the world in a separated character—as a revelation or sacred importation of holiness.

We have in these times a very considerable and quite pretentious class, who have made the discovery that Christ actually eat with publicans and sinners! This fact indeed is their gospel. Christ, they say, was social, drew Himself to every human being, poured his heart into every human joy and woe, lived in no ascetic manner as a being withdrawn from life. And so it becomes a principal matter of duty with us to meet all human conditions in a human way and make ourselves acceptable to all. They do not observe

that Jesus brought in something into every scene of society and hospitality which shewed a mind set off from all conformities. When He eat with publicans and sinners, He declared expressly that He did it as a physician goes to the sick, did it that He might so call sinners to repentance. So when he dined with Zaccheus, He there proclaimed Himself the Son of Man, who was come to save the lost. When He shared the assiduous hospitality of Martha, what did He but remind her of the one thing needful, quite passed by in her over-doing carefulness? And when He dined with one of the great rich men of the Pharisees, what did he but strike at the very usurpation of all high fashion, by openly rebuking those who seized on the highest places of precedence? and what did He propose to the host himself, but that true hospitality is that which is given with no hope of return?—in which also he touched the very quick of all heartlessness and all real mockery in what is called society. Yes, it is true that Jesus eat with publicans and sinners. He never stood apart from any advance of men. But how visibly separated was He there and everywhere from the shallow conventionalities of the world; how pure, majestic, free, and faithful to His great ministry of salvation!

We have also a great many schemes of philanthropy started in these days, that suppose a preparation of men or society to be moved directly forward, on its present plane, into some advanced or nearly paradisiac state. The manner is to address men at their present point, in their present motive, under their present condition, with some hope of development, some scheme, truth, organization, and so to bring them into some compact or way of life that will discontinue the present evils and make a happy state. As if there were any such feasibility to good in man, that he can be put in felicity by mere invitation or consent! Christ and Christianity think otherwise. For the blessed Redeemer comes into the world in the full understanding that, in being identified with the world, He will become a great power only as He is also separated from it. And in this lies the efficacy of His mission, that He brings to men what is not in them, what is opposite to them, the separated glory, the holiness of God.

We want a salvation which means a grace brought into the world that is not of it. When the real Saviour comes, there will be great falling off, for the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed. He will not be a popular Saviour. He

that puts men in awe, as of some higher spirit and more divine of which they know nothing; He that visits the world to be unworldly in it, and draw men apart from it and break its terrible spell—He, I say, will not be hailed with favour and applause. Indeed I very much fear that many who assume even now to be His disciples would not like Him, if He were to appear on earth. His unworldly manner, His profound singularity as a Being superior to sin and to all human conventionalities, would offend them and drive them quite away. Who of us here to-day would really follow Jesus and cleave to Him, if He were now living among us?

This brings me to speak of what is now the great and desolating error of our times. I mean the general conformity of the followers of Christ to the manners and ways, and, consequently, in a great degree, to the spirit of the world. Christ had His power, as we have seen, in the fact that He carried the impression of His separateness from it and His superiority to it. He was no ascetic, His separation no contrived and prescribed separation, but was only the more real and radical that it was the very instinct or freest impulse of His character. He could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in

me ;" counting the bad kingdom to be only a paste-board affair, whose ways and laws were but a vain show, that He could not even so much as feel. This now is what we want, such a fulness of Divine participation, that we shall not require to be always shutting off the world by prescribed denials, but shall draw off from it naturally, because we are not of it. A true Christian, one who is deep enough in the godly life to have his affinities with God, will infallibly become a separated being. The instinct of holiness will draw him apart into a singular, superior, hidden life with God. And this is the true Christian power, besides which there is no other. And when this fails everything goes with it.

Neither let us be deceived in this matter by our merely notional wisdoms, or deliberative judgments, for it is not a matter to be decided by any consideration of results—the question never is, what is really harmful, and so wrong, but what will meet the living and free instinct of a life of prayer and true godliness? I confess that when the question is raised, whether certain common forms of society or amusement are to be indulged or disallowed, the argument sometimes appears to preponderate on the side of indulgence. What is more innocent? Must we take the morose and, as

it were, repugnant attitude of disallowing and rejecting everything harmless that is approved by men? In what other way could we more certainly offend their good judgment and alienate their personal confidence? Ought we not even to yield a certain allowable freedom for their sake? So stands the computation. Let it be granted that, as a matter of deliberation, the scale is turned for conformity. And yet the decision taken will not stand; for there is no truly living Christian that wants or at all relishes such conformities. On the other hand, you will see that such as argue for them and make interest in them, however well disposed in matters philanthropic, have little or nothing in them of that which is the distinctively Christian power, and do not add anything to the living impression of the gospel; for the radical element of all great impression is wanting—viz., the sense of a separated life. Their instinct does not run that way. What they want is conformity, more conformity, to be always like the world, not different from it, and in that gulf they sink, lost to all good effect, nay, a hindrance to all.

There is no greater mistake, as regards the true manner of impression on the world, than that we impress it being homogeneous with it. If in our dress we shew the same extravagance, if our

amusements are theirs without a distinction, if we follow after their shows, copy their manners, busy ourselves in their worldly objects, emulate their fashions, what are we different from them? It seems quite plausible to fancy the great honour we shall put on religion, when we are able to set it on a footing with all most worldly things, and shew that we can be Christians in that plausible way. This we call a liberal piety. It is such as can excel in high tastes, and make up a figure of beauty that must needs be a great commendation, we think, to religion. It may be a little better than to be openly apostate; but, alas! there is how little power in such a kind of life! No; it is not conformity that we want, it is not being able to beat the world in its own way, but it is to stand apart from it, and produce the impression of a separated life; this is it, and this only, that yields any proper sense of the true Christian power. It is not the being popular that makes one a help to religion; no holy man was ever a truly popular character. Even Christ himself, bringing the Divine beauty into the world, profoundly disturbed the quiet of men by his very perfections. All really bad men adhering to their sin, hated Him, and their animosity was finally raised to such a pitch, that they crucified

Him. And what does He say, turning to His disciples, but this very thing, "The servant is not greater than his lord; if they have persecuted me, they will persecute you. I have chosen you out of the world, *therefore* the world hateth you." We are certainly not to make a merit of being hated, for the worst and most wicked can do that; as little are we to make a merit of popularity and being even with the world in its ways. There is no just mode of life, no true holiness, or fruit of holy living, if we do not carry the conviction, by our self-denial, our sobriety in the matter of show, and our withholding from all that indicates being under the world, that we are in a life separated to God. Therefore His great call is—"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." And there is a most profound philosophy in this. If we are to impress the world we must be separate from sinners, even as Christ our Master was, or at least according to our human degree, as being in His Spirit. The great difficulty is, that we think to impress the world, standing on the world's own level and asking its approbation. We conform too easily and with too much appetite. We are all the while touching the

unclean thing—bowing down to it, accepting its law, eager to be found approved in it. God therefore calls us away. O, that we could take our lesson here, and plan our life, order our pursuits, choose our relaxations, prepare our families, so as to be truly with Christ, and so, in fact, that we ourselves can say, each for himself, “The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.”

And this exactly is our communion with Jesus ; we propose to be one with Him in it. In it we connect with a Power transcendent, the Son of Man in glory, whose image we aspire to, and whose mission, as the crucified on earth, was the revelation of the Father’s love and holiness. We ask to be separated with Him and set apart to the same great life. Our communion is not on the level of our common humanity, but we rise in it ; we scale the heavens where he sitteth at the right hand of God ; we send our longings up and ask to have attachments knit to Him—to be set in deepest, holiest, and most practical affinity with Him—and so to live a life that is hid with Christ in God. In such a life we become partakers of His holiness, and in the separating grace of that, partakers also of His power.—“*The New Life*,” by Horace Bushnell, D.D.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS UPON
THOUGHT."

It must not be concealed, *that the Holy Spirit has direct and immediate access to the mind, apart from any visible instrumentality.* That the Supreme mind should have access to the human mind, without the intervention of means, is a proposition to which we are committed, on the admission of the Divine omnipotence and sovereignty. Illustrations of this proposition are to be found in the communications made to patriarchs, prophets, and seers, when some extraordinary deed was to be performed, or some important truth to be delivered. When Abraham received the intimation that he was to give up his son, the communication was directly from the mind of God to the patriarch. It came by no Urim or Thummim, or other oracle. If it be urged, that the important circumstances connected with this fact justify a departure from the ordinary mode of Divine communication, we ask, what can surpass, or even

equal in importance, the salvation of an immortal soul? The Spirit, in making a soul a vessel of mercy, produces purity and bliss, that shall shine and thrill in that soul through eternity ; yet this is not the ultimatum of his design. He is here but beginning a series of influences, which baffles all the powers of arithmetic to calculate. That one soul will be an instrument, in the hands of the Spirit, of saving others, and they, each in his sphere, others ; the full results of a single conversion, eternity alone can reveal. Light must emit its rays, leaven must work, and salt must diffuse its savour. The conversion of a soul is a work worthy of God ; and this work, wherever it takes place, the Holy Spirit performs ; and though most generally with means, yet sometimes without means. Upon this subject an eminent writer observes, " I have known those of distinguished genius, polite manners, and great experience in human affairs, who, after having outgrown all the impressions of a religious education ; after having been hardened, rather than subdued, by the most singular mercies, even various, repeated, and astonishing deliverances, which have appeared to themselves no less than miraculous ; after having lived for years without God in the world, notoriously corrupt themselves, and labouring to the

utmost to corrupt others, have been stopped on a sudden in the full career of their sin, and have felt such rays of the Divine presence, and of redeeming love, darting in upon their minds, almost like lightning from heaven, as have at once roused, overpowered, and transformed them; so that they have come out of their secret chambers, with an irreconcilable enmity to those vices, to which, when they entered them, they were the tamest, and most abandoned slaves, and have appeared from that very hour the votaries, the patrons, the champions of religion; and after a course of the most resolute attachment to it, in spite of all the reasonings, or the raileries, the importunities, or the reproaches of its enemies, they have continued to this day some of its brightest ornaments:—a change which I behold with equal wonder and delight; and which, if a nation should join in deriding it, I would adore as the finger of God.”

This passage furnishes, as far as can be obtained, matter-of-fact evidence, and that by one whose opportunities of observation, and whose capacity for forming a correct opinion, must be acknowledged to be of a very high character. We deprecate the dogmatism of those who make their own experience the perfect type and pattern

by which all others are to be tested, touching the vitality and genuineness of piety. The same causes, when acting on different material, will produce different effects. As in the physical world, the aliment of one body may be the poison of another; so in the moral world, the Gospel may be "a savour of life unto life to one, and a savour of death unto death to another." The infinite and unerring wisdom of the Holy Spirit, comprehending, as it does, the minutest shades of human character, and the way each may be most suitably affected, graciously adopts the manner and measure of influence which shall most effectually ensure the renovation of the sinner, and the undivided glory of the work to "Him, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will."

Christians! a review of your past history will bring to your remembrance many combinations of circumstances, the arrangement of which was far beyond human control, which have been all subordinated to your spiritual interests. Evince your gratitude for the past, by a holy confidence in the infinite resources of the same Spirit; by constant vigilance against grieving him; by fervent prayer for the continued influences of Him who, amidst all your provocations and rebellion, has continued to

bless you, by the bestowment of grace and repentance. Encourage your heart, amidst its tendencies to depression, with the thought, that if you are now the partakers of a new nature, your conflicts with remaining depravity, and wickedness in high places, may be severe, but “greater is He who is in you, than he that is in the world.

Unconverted reader ! pause, and think. Look at the numerous means the Holy Spirit employs for a sinner’s salvation. Has not a kind Providence placed thee within the influences of many of these means ? And what has been the effect of these means on thy heart ? Art thou not impressed with the goodness and forbearance of thy God towards thee ? Just call to mind the ways in which that goodness has been displayed. Thy early acquaintance with the Bible ; thy mother’s pious example, and tearful entreaties ; thy father’s solemn admonitions, and fervent prayers ; thy conscience, like another heart, throbbing in thy bosom, in the early scenes of thy guiltiness ; thy sudden bereavements of thy companions in sin ; thy own escapes from the gulph of death, when disease or accident threatened to plunge thee into it ; thy trembling and weeping when truth affected thee ; the dedication to the service of God of thy former associates ; and *thy capacity of feeling*, at

this moment ;—all show how much has been done for thy eternal good ; done, not by chance, or fortune, but by the very Being against whom thou hast sinned. And is it that after all this expenditure of Divine care,

“ Though wooed and awed, blessed and chastised,
A flagrant rebel still ? ”

By the mercies of God, we beseech thee to give up thy heart to that Spirit, who will cleanse and sanctify it, and make it his temple in time, and prepare it to adorn his upper temple in eternity !

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

O sweet home echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light,
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.—
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends.
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares, and paths divide ;—
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,
“ So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

And is there ever perfect union here ?
Oh ! daily sins lamented and confest,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.
With life we leave the evils long deplored,
“ So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

All prone to error—none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,
“ So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven,
The light of hope and resurrection throw.
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word,
“ So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

Hymns from the Land of Luther.



